

Rupert's Land



“The Eagle”

St. John's College

WINNIPEG



THE UPPER HALL

*Church of England College affiliated with the
University of Manitoba*

JUNIOR DIVISION ARTS

Administered by the Same Corporation as
Rupert's Land Girls' School

For Full Information Write to

The Warden, St. John's College, Broadway and Hargrave, Winnipeg,
or Telephone 97 893.

CRÉDIT FONCIER

Fondé en 1880

FRANCO-CANADIEN

Established 1880

Siège Social: 5 Rue St-Jacques Est, Montréal (Canada)

Head Office: 5 St. James Street East, Montreal (Canada)

**PRETS HYPOTHECAIRES
MORTGAGE LOANS***Conseil d'Administration
Board of Directors**Président*COMTE CAHEN D'ANVERS
Paris*Vice-Président*HON. C. P. BEAUBIEN
Sénateur, Montréal
Senator, Montreal*Administrateurs*HON. E. L. PATENAUDE, C.R., C.P.,
K.C., P.C.
Ancien Lieutenant-Gouverneur
de la Province de Québec, Montréal
Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of
the Province of Quebec*Directors*J. THEO. LECLERC
Montréal

E. FOURET

Administrateur de la Banque
de Paris et de Pays-Bas
Director of the Bank of Paris
and Netherlands.HON. LEON-MERCIER GOUIN
MontréalPIERRE VINSON
ParisO. MOREAU-NERET
ParisANDRE DEBRAY
ParisMAURICE STERN
ParisVICOMTE R. DE ROUMEFORT
Directeur général, Montréal
General Manager, MontrealSIDNEY GRIMBLE
Directeur
ManagerR. OGLETREE
Directeur Adjoint
Assistant ManagerWINNIPEG, MANITOBA
455, rue Main
455 Main Street



UNITED COLLEGE

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

in affiliation with

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Students are offered courses in:

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE leading to the B.A. Degree and including pre-professional courses for: Commerce, Engineering, Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Architecture, etc.

COLLEGIATE—Grade XI (Matriculation), Grade XII (Entrance to Second Year Arts and Science and Normal School.)

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY—Diploma and B. D. Courses.

Additional Facilities:

RESIDENCE for men and women .

STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES: Athletics, Debating, Dramatics, etc.

CENTRALLY LOCATED, Large Campus, Skating Rink.

Write to: WESLEY D. G. RUNIONS, *Registrar*
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Compliments of . . .

DEL'S

Home-made
Ice Cream and Candy

455 PORTAGE AVENUE

666 Main St.
Phone 28 985

838 Corydon Ave.
Phone 44 337

Established 1893



**WEIR
HARDWARE
LTD.**

*Hardware, Electrical Goods,
Paints, Oils, Glass*

**Your
Future**
is our
business
Today



GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

Compliments of . . .

The Winnipeg Paint & Glass Co.
Limited

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

NORRIS GRAIN COMPANY



Avoid Eyestrain:

Poor lighting is harmful to the eyes and may cause defective eyesight. Check the lighting in your home or business premises and make sure you have plenty of illumination for reading, writing and all close work. Free advice on how to improve your lighting may be obtained from . . .

CITY HYDRO

SHOWROOMS: Portage and Kennedy

Phone 848 131

OFFICES: 55 Princess Street

Phone 848 161

Western Grain Co. Ltd.



275 COUNTRY ELEVATORS AND
TERMINAL ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM



SERVING THE PRODUCERS OF
THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES

Compliments of . . .

Osler, Hammond & Nanton

LIMITED

NANTON BUILDING — WINNIPEG

ESTABLISHED 1883

Going to University Next Year?

If so, it's wise to get some of your books during the summer.
The Book Department is owned and operated by the University
for the College students of Winnipeg.

NEW AND USED COPIES

OUR CONSTANT AIM —
THE LOWEST PRICES IN CANADA

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA
BOOK DEPARTMENT

BROADWAY BLDG.

-

-

-

Osborne Street Entrance

STRATTON-WHITAKER

LIMITED

325 HOWE ST.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

745 SOMERSET BLDG.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

"THE COMPLETE
INSURANCE SERVICE"

"A Good Education Is An Insurance For Your Future"

FORT ROUGE COAL COMPANY

DOMESTIC AND STEAM COALS



214 SOMERSET BUILDING

Phone 92 106

Beauty **BY THE GALLON**



Sold by

MARSHALL-WELLS DEALERS

Throughout Western Canada

THE GIFT SHOP

James B. McBryde & Son, Ltd.
DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND
JEWELLERS

Watch Repairs and Engraving

Phone 95 926
415½ PORTAGE AVE, WINNIPEG

PHONE 93 241

T. TREDWELL

WESTERN MUSIC

(MANITOBA) LTD.

"Music Exclusively"

VICTOR AND COLUMBIA
RECORDS

286 GRAHAM AVENUE

**BLACK, HANSON
& CO.**

Chartered Accountants

•

WINNIPEG - PORT ARTHUR
FORT WILLIAM

•

F. H. BLACK, F.C.A.
HAROLD S. HANSON, C.A.
ALBERT H. FISHER, C.A.

WINNIPEG - - MANITOBA

**BIRKS
CHALLENGER
WATCHES**

are
Fine Timekeepers

•

BIRKS
Jewellers

PORTAGE AVE AT SMITH ST.

A. D. MUIR & SON

INSURANCE BROKERS
SMITH, FESS & DENISON LTD.

1006 McARTHUR BLDG. WINNIPEG

R. C. Clifford & Co.

STOCKS - BONDS

•

TEL. 94 916

410 NANTON BLDG.

Congratulations...

To the Graduating
Class of Rupert's Land
Girls' School.



*It has been a pleasure to co-
operate with your year book
committee. We anticipate fu-
ture business associations with
the alumnae.*

HAROLD WHITE STUDIO
278½ Fort Street
Phone 94 289

Melady, Sellers & Company Limited

WINNIPEG

Investment Dealers
Insurance



MEMBERS :

INVESTMENT DEALERS
ASSN. OF CANADA
WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG GRAIN & PRODUCE
EXCHANGE CLEARING ASSN.
WINNIPEG STOCK EXCHANGE
CALGARY STOCK EXCHANGE

H. E. SELLERS
T. H. RATHJEN
C. E. GRAHAM
GEORGE H. SELLERS
W. E. GOWER
G. N. THOMAS

PRIVATE WIRE CONNECTIONS

"ALWAYS
 . . . The
 Best"

•

REIDRUG

LIMITED

PHONE 42 884
 ACADEMY AT WATERLOO

Compliments of . . .

**MUMFORD
 MEDLAND
 LIMITED**

Winnipeg - Saskatoon

For

"DEPENDABLE"

DRY CLEANING
 DYEING AND
 TAILORING

•

**Fort Garry Dyers
 & Cleaners Ltd.**

YOUNG AT PORTAGE
 PHONE 37 061

*Enjoy Good Health by Eating
 Good Food at*

Vlassie's Grill

on

PORTAGE, Opposite Eaton's

— or —

College Inn

PORTAGE, Opposite the Bay

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

DOMINION MOTORS

*Canada's Largest Ford
Dealer*

FORT & GRAHAM

Phone 98 441

— and —

DOMINION U-DRIVE

TORONTO

Phone WAV. 1111

The Wallingford Press Ltd.

303 KENNEDY STREET
WINNIPEG

Specializing in —

- COLOR WORK
- PUBLICATIONS
- YEAR BOOKS

Phones 96 488 - 9

Liked so well
by so many



NORTH-WEST
ESTAB. 1899 Laundry LIMITED



Junior Councillor
SHEILA YOUNG



Junior Councillor
ALISON GOVAN

*Our
Sincere
Thanks*

to the

JUNIOR COUNCIL

EVER since last September, we've had our weekly meetings . . .
we've discussed projects and fashions . . . we've worked hard and
enjoyed it! Now, at your graduation, we wish you the best for the
future.

You've been enthusiastic members of the team of fifty-nine Junior
Councillors and Junior Executives who keep us posted on the likes
and dislikes of the Hi-Crowd . . . who help us to maintain the kind
of service you like to receive.

Again . . . thank you and may success be yours in whatever career
you choose!

THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED

Rupert's Land Girls' School

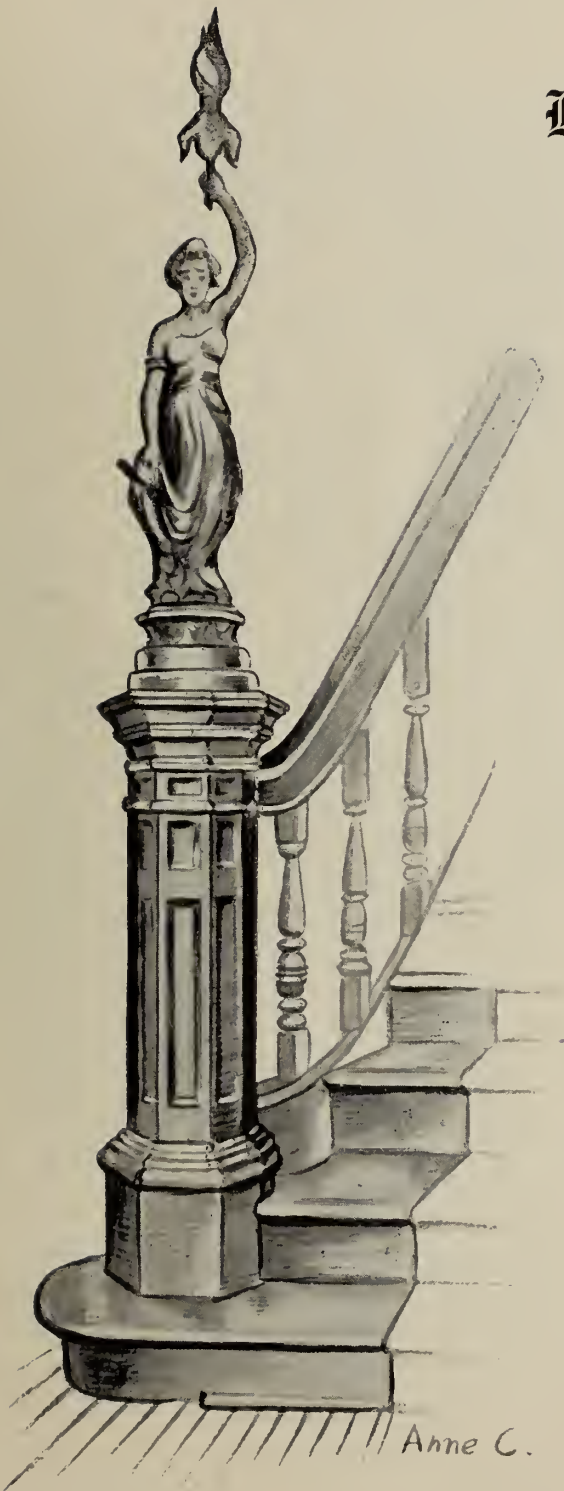
"The Eagle"



Winnipeg - Manitoba

VOLUME 16

JUNE, 1948





Courtesy of Winnipeg Tribune

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and The Duke of Edinburgh.

Miss Bartlett's Letter

My Dear Girls:

With the usual little shock of surprise I realize that another school year is nearly over. Do you remember how you felt on the first day of the term last September? When you began the work of your new grade, some of you probably wondered how you would manage it; then, as the days and weeks passed, you found you were gradually getting through the work and now you feel that you will soon have been successful in passing up into the next grade. If you have been truly successful, you will have gained besides actual knowledge some added self-reliance, you will know that if you work steadily and consistently, you will win the power needed to go on to the next and harder task whatever it may be. If, however, you are still lacking in self-reliance, if you expect all your thinking to be done for you, and rely too much upon the assistance of your teacher, then make up your mind to make a real effort next year to improve in this respect.

Beware, however, of becoming self-sufficient; you always will need help and must be willing always to listen carefully to those who can teach you the things you do not know. There is a great difference between self-reliance and self-sufficiency. The present-day world is suffering very badly as the result of Man's self-sufficiency and pride. Man has grown so clever, he has conquered almost every secret of nature through his skill in science, and can he not be justly proud of his accomplishments? Why, Man has been clever enough to learn to produce sufficient power to exterminate speedily whole cities and towns, indeed, his whole race if he so wills! And this is the result of comparatively very few years of effort on his part.

But see where he has failed! He has little or no ability to get on with his neighbour, and this power he cannot acquire from science. The only hope for mankind is that men learn to consider one another and to respect the rights of every individual; Man must learn to love his neighbour as himself.

Will you each think of this and remember that you yourself play an important part in this world? If you are weak, the world is weaker; if you are strong, the world gains strength. All my best wishes go with you with the hope that you may play a worthy part in life to the benefit of those around you.

Yours affectionately,

ELSIE M. BARTLETT



Photo by H. White.

Back Row—Shelagh McKnight, Peggy Musgrove, Madeline Blight, Miss Lucas, Susan Clifford,
Paula Munro, Donna Armstrong, Janet Cameron.

Front Row—Ruth Swatland, Alison Govan, Miss Turner, Barbara Cameron, Shannon Hall.

Magazine Executive, 1947-48

ADVISER TO THE EDITORS.....	Miss Turner
EDITORS	Barbara Cameron, Alison Govan, Ruth Swatland
BUSINESS MANAGERS	Miss Lucas, Paula Munro, Peggy Musgrove
SPORTS.....	Shelagh McKnight, Mary Tucker
PHOTOGRAPHY.....	Donna Armstrong, Joyce Benham, Elaine Tempest, Carol Warner
RECORDING EVENTS.....	Judy Adamson, Shannon Hall
ART EDITORS.....	Jill Baker, Janet Cameron, Jane Wallace
ADVERTISING CONVENERS.....	Madeleine Blight, Susan Clifford

ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

Shirley Anderson	Lucy Hooker	Paula Munro	Helen Powell
Joanne Booker	Pat Joy	Peggy Musgrove	Beth Southam
Isabel Briercliffe	June Kobar	Gay Newman	
Jeanne Gorrell	Dorothy McClay	Doris Perry	

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

Gail Florance	Marilyn McClaskey	Ruth Simonds	Barbara Risk
---------------	-------------------	--------------	--------------

Editorial

"Individuality is the salt of common life. You may have to live in a crowd, but you do not have to live like it nor subsist on its food." One of the most important influences of Rupert's Land on its girls is the help it supplies in the development of their individuality. We in Rupert's Land are fortunate in having this opportunity to develop our own personalities — an opportunity not afforded to such an extent to the students in schools of a larger size, where large numbers hinder the early start of such development, because more attention is paid to them as a mass than as individuals.

When the child is very young, before starting school, she has a strong individuality colored by the influence of the parents. Once our school life begins development also begins, and as we are not completely prepared to make our own decisions and form our own ideas, we attach ourselves to a group of equally confused friends, and in life, for several years, it is "the gang" that is important — not the individual. There are seldom any serious disagreements among the ideas of the gang members, and when such begin to appear, one may depend on its being caused by the first signs of adolescence, which is, as most of us agree, a very confusing age. It is when this adolescence stage is reached that young people want to be like "the gang" and get they start to think about being themselves too; as they grow older this feeling of wanting their own individual personalities grows and grows. Unless they are unusual this growth continues the rest of their lives.

This all-important individuality is the major cause of rifts and clashes between people. Teamwork and individualism are opposing factors, but the importance of each cannot be overlooked. People with their own ideas and ideals find it hard to understand those of people from whom they differ. Education leads us if not to sympathize with at least to understand points of view that differ from our own. It is this difficulty to understand other people and at the same time retain one's own individuality that can be blamed for most disagreements.

Then, too, individuality is the essence of democracy; in fact, it is the mainspring of the whole democratic way of life. It forms the backbone of the freedom which we enjoy today in spite of the threats to it which have arisen and are still arising. Every individual in many countries of the world has the privilege of having his say in the government when he becomes of age. Every single person in our country is allowed to think and speak freely and also enjoys freedom of the press. We are all allowed to have our own religion. We call these liberties privileges because, although every person should be allowed to have his own individuality, even now regimes threaten to quash these liberties.

We are in the post-war period of the worst war the world has ever known, but even now after one menace has been removed another looms on the horizon — that of Communism. Today we all hear much about this threat and it fits into this editorial because under this system people are not allowed to be individuals. This system of regimentation allows a few men to rule everything concerning the lives of all the people who are not allowed freedom of the press, or even freedom of thinking; in fact, with no political freedom at all, how can they be individuals?

The loss of our valued individuality can be a dangerous thing, too. What better example can be found than the danger of a fear or anger-maddened mole of people who, losing all sense of proportion, because individuality has been lost, cause wild demonstrations and riots? Nothing can be more important than a development of this often lost characteristic so necessary in life. That is why this special chance that we are given at Rupert's Land to develop it is, we think, one of the most important aspects of our school life. The girls who attend this school are not just rows of faces above green tunics, but girls whose various personalities, abilities, and faults differentiate them from each other in the way that today, although similar to, can never be quite identical to yesterday and tomorrow.

THE EDITORS.

Head Girl

In saying good-bye to its twenty-fifth Head Girl, Barbara Cameron, and in looking forward moments of Prize-Giving, a few days later, and then the new Head Girl, having received her pin from the hands of the retiring Head Girl, assumes her responsibilities, although she has no formal duties to undertake until school re-assembles in September. One speculates as to what goes on in the mind of that new Head Girl during her summer holidays; somehow, during that time, she seems to prepare herself for the job of giving leadership, not only to her school-Land is reminded that the office of Head Girl has become not merely a tradition but also an integral part of the life of the school. Voting is conducted on a day early in June, on the modern lines of proportional representation and the transferable vote. The announcement of the successful candidate is one of the most exciting mates generally, but even more particularly to the dozen who represent the four school Houses and form the School Council. It is a fine conclusion to school life, and although this article is chiefly concerned with expressing gratitude for services loyally rendered, one realizes that the Head Girl herself must be aware that she has had opportunities that many must envy to put the stamp of her own personality on the year that has so specially belonged to her.

As a student of history, herself, Barbara will approve of this backward glance, this attempt to interpret the future in the light of the past. The six years that she has spent at R.L.S. have developed a person of all-round interests: Barbara is sometimes inclined to deplore her lack of a special talent or hobby, not realizing how fortunate she is in having no blind spots. Incidentally, she refutes most successfully the popular belief that an only child must be spoilt, for Barbara is as co-operative and unselfish a person as one could hope to see.

When she leaves, with her parents, to make their home at the coast, she plans to attend the University of British Columbia, and, if possible, to take a course in journalism. Children interest Barbara also—in fact she is torn between wanting to be a child psychologist and a journalist. The only suggestion that we can make to Barbara is that she might contrive to raise a large family, psycho-analyse them, and work on a newspaper in her spare moments. It sounds a busy life, but Barbara likes to be busy. She has been active in her own House, Dalton, has played on the second basketball team, and has demonstrated considerable literary ability as vice-president of the Literary Society, winner of the Senior Short Story competition, and co-editor of this Year Book and the previous one.

Barbara has a keen sense of humor, an ability to get things done effectively with a minimum of fuss, considerable tact, and a pleasant, easy graciousness—all of which adds up to make the Babs of whom everyone is fond. She confesses that she will hate to say good-bye to her friends in Winnipeg, and that she will find it hard to exchange the prairies for the mountains and the sea; we cannot imagine that it will be long before Barbara has many new friends, but we hope that she will always keep a special corner in her heart for Winnipeg, and especially for the school which she has served so well.



BARBARA CAMERON

S. LL. T.

Interhighlites

This year saw the inauguration of a student newspaper, "Interhighlites," which is managed, composed and read by students of the high schools of Greater Winnipeg.

Every two weeks a paper is issued under the direction of Managing Editor June Shaley, and a University adviser. Material is submitted for publication by high school students in the city, who write up sports events and dramatic and musical performances at their schools, important events in the city affecting them, and original articles on subjects which appeal to teenagers.

This publication is important because it gives students an opportunity to express themselves.

The fact that the paper is produced and managed by an executive selected from the high schools is also important, because of the experience thus obtained. Although the paper is small, it is in miniature a real newspaper, having regular features, letters to the editor, news and sports articles—all of which offer experience in a field of interest to many high school students. Besides the satisfaction of feeling that one's views are being expressed, there is the assurance that one is capable of writing good newspaper articles, for those accepted are of a high standard. This has encouraged student contributors to write in a mature style, which will be of benefit to them later.



BOARDING SCHOOL COUNCIL

*Back Row—Doris Perry, Mary Lawes, Jeanne Gorrell, Joanne Booker.
Front Row—Lucy Hooker, Madeleine Blight, June Kobar, Shannon Hall, Isabel Briercliffe.*

House Notes

On October 7, Dalton House held a "get acquainted" lunch in the Grade XI classroom for the executive and new girls, which was a warm welcome to new Daltonites. On October 28, Matheson and Machray held a joint Hallowe'en party in the gym for all the girls up to Grade VIII. Prizes were given for the best costumes, all of which were colorful and varied, thus making the choice difficult. Outstanding was a fluttery owl who, when the males and females were divided according to costume, remained in the middle of the room, undecided as to its gender. The owl turned out to be Miss Sharman! Afterwards games were played and refreshments served.

The big event of the Easter term was the House Competition, held on the evening of February 10, with Professor G. L. Brodersen adjudicating. Little preparation other than the choosing and casting of items was accomplished before the Christmas holidays; during them a few practices were held, but the hard slugging started with the Easter term. Producers and players started out in fine style, but as days passed and the competition drew closer, producers' nerves became ragged when players didn't know their lines; players became equally on edge when they were continually stopped and corrected. Then when a House finally got a practice arranged in the gym, why would play-



Photo by Harold White

SCHOOL COUNCIL, 1947-1948

Back Row—Sheila Young, Joyce Benham, Janet Cameron, Peggy Musgrove, Elaine Tempest, Judy Adamson, Donna Armstrong, Susan Clifford.
Seated—Joanne Booker, Mary Tucker, Barbara Cameron, Shelagh McKnight, Alison Govan.

ers have other appointments, so that only the director appeared to stamp about reciting dramatic lines? However, the dress rehearsal proved successful, except for the fact that some of the wigs wouldn't fit. The following evening was "IT."

The curtain parted on Matheson's winning darky chorus in "I Got Rhythm," with Rosalind Johnson singing "Summertime." Mr. Brodersen remarked that the large yellow moon and the blue flood-lighting provided the most effective setting of the evening. Judy Adamson played splendidly the brilliant "Polichinelle," by Rachmaninoff. Last came the Matheson play, "Yes Means No," ably produced by Shannon Hall and Janet Cameron. The amusing dialogue and plot brought much appreciative laughter from the audience.

Jones House's first number was a pleasing, whimsical shadow play, "The King's Breakfast," from "Minnie the Pooh." Undaunted by the break-down of the record player, the actors showed initiative and imagination in going through with their performance unaccompanied. Next Joanna Hollenberg and Jill Baker gave a very spirited rendition of Edgar Moy's piano duet, "Irish Dance." This was followed by "The First Dress Suit," produced by Alison Govan, which took first place in the plays because of its smooth, quick pace and outstanding individual performances. Jill Baker, in the role of an amusing seventeen-year-old boy, and Elizabeth Hickman as his worried mother, received awards for their portrayals.

The second half of the program was opened by Dalton's group of gaily-dressed Geisha Girls singing "Braid the Raven Hair," and Betty Cooper's lovely solo, "The Sun Whose Rays," from *The Mikado*. The Japanese costumes were most effective. Next Connie Voth played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8 with abandon and dash. The trio of items was completed by the play, "Mrs. Adis," in which Mary Tucker and Mary Lou Sime played the leading roles. All the players succeeded in holding the interest of the audience remarkably well.

Machray's first number was Ruth Swatland's performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 31, No. 2. Mr. Brodersen gave her the highest marks in the piano class for her excellent interpretation and musicianship. Following this, Joan Rowden sang very beautifully "Think of Me," after which came the play, "The Magic Spectacles," a lively study of the clash of temperaments of three generations. The grannies afforded a good deal of humor, while Cathy Young's portrayal of a lively child brought her the

award of shared honors with Elizabeth Hickman (Jones House) for the best portrayal of a female role.

The marks awarded for the competition placed the Houses thus: First, Matheson; second, Machray; third, Dalton; fourth, Jones.

Dalton was very sorry to lose two of its staff members, Mrs. Purdie and Miss Hilda Smith, and welcomed Mrs. Alsop. Matheson welcomed Miss Marson, an old girl of the school. Although Machray regrets the departure of Miss Hines, due to illness, it was happy to welcome Mrs. Foster, our new dietitian, as a member. Jones House said good-bye to Mrs. Jaminette and was glad to welcome Mrs. Cranston.

At the time of going to press, the Houses are busy planning the annual Mission tea, which takes place on May 29.

The big question is, who will win the House Shield? Dalton amassed the most points at Christmas, and Jones at Easter. Congratulations to the winning House, whichever it may be!

THE HOUSE SECRETARIES.

DALTON HOUSE EXECUTIVE

PRESIDENT—Miss Turner.

ASSOCIATES—Miss Newton, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Alsop.

CAPTAIN—Mary Tucker; HONORARY CAPTAIN—Barbara Cameron.

PREFECTS—Joyce Benham, Donna Armstrong.

SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Rosemary Henderson.

JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Pamela Garton.

LIEUTENANTS—Senior, Jane Wallace; Junior, Shelagh Morrison.

SECRETARY—Betty Cooper.

JONES HOUSE EXECUTIVE

PRESIDENT—Miss McLean.

ASSOCIATES—Miss G. Smith, Mrs. Cranston, Miss Lucas.

CAPTAIN—Alison Govan.

PREFECTS—Elaine Tempest, Peggy Musgrove.

SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Jill Baker.

JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Marline Musgrove.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT—Elizabeth Hickman.

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Joanna Hollenberg.

MACHRAY HOUSE EXECUTIVE

PRESIDENT—Miss Eldred.

ASSOCIATES—Miss McMillan, Miss Peirson, Mrs. Foster.

CAPTAIN—Sheila Young.

PREFECTS—Shirley Anderson, Joanne Booker.

SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Joan Everett.

JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Cynthia Clark.

LIEUTENANTS—Senior, Dorothy McClay; Junior, Lucy Hooker.

SECRETARY—Ruth Swatland.

MATHESON HOUSE EXECUTIVE

PRESIDENT—Miss Sharman.

ASSOCIATES—Miss Speirs, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Wright.

CAPTAIN—Susan Clifford.

PREFECTS—Judy Adamson, Janet Cameron.

SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Joan Croll.

JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN—Mary Lane Ward.

LIEUTENANTS—Senior, Paula Munro; Junior, Gail Florance.

SECRETARY—Shannon Hall.

TREASURER—Rosalind Johnson.

Sports



FIRST AND SECOND TEAMS

Back Row—Gay Newman, Paula Munro, Miss Marson, Joyce Benham, Donna Armstrong.

Middle Row—Dorothy McClay, Rosemary O'Neill, Joanne Booker, Jane Wallace, Judy Adamson, Barbara Cameron, Beth Southam.

Front Row—Rosemary Henderson, Lucy Hooker, Joan Everett, Mary Tucker, Shelagh McKnight, Susan Clifford, Sheila Young.

Photo By Harold Wat

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

This year it was decided to have four teams, two senior and two junior, from each school, to play in the annual inter-school basketball series in which St. Mary's, Riverbend and Rupert's Land participate. Rupert's Land played sixteen games and won six of them.

First Team—Rupert's Land:

Nov. 28 vs. Riverbend,	won 30-24
Mar. 12 vs. Riverbend	won 36-27
Feb. 6 vs. St. Mary's	lost 14-24
Mar. 19 vs. St. Mary's	lost 13-24

Second Team—Rupert's Land:

Nov. 28 vs. Riverbend	lost 7-17
Jan. 16 vs. St. Mary's	lost 12-34
Feb. 6 vs. St. Mary's	lost 16-31
Mar. 12 vs. Riverbend	won 16-12

Intermediate Team—Rupert's Land:

Nov. 21 vs. St. Mary's	lost 18-28
Jan. 16 vs. St. Mary's	won 24-19
Jan. 23 vs. Riverbend	lost 7-17
Mar. 5 vs. Riverbend	lost 8-36

Junior Team—Rupert's Land:

Nov. 21 vs. St. Mary's	lost 18-28
------------------------------	------------



INTERMEDIATE AND JUNIOR TEAMS

Back Row—Sally Dangerfield, Mary Lane Ward, Elizabeth Hickman, Miss Marson, Pat Copley, Mary Jackson, Joanna Hollenberg, Mary Jane McElhoes.
Front Row—Pamela Garton, Cynthia Clark, Patsy Taylor, Shelagh Morrison, Joan Croll, Marlene Musgrove, Joey Adamson, Cathy Young, Jill Baker.

Jan. 23 vs. Riverbend	won 20-4
Mar. 5 vs. Riverbend	lost 4-14
Mar. 19 vs. St. Mary's	won 24-18
Total points scored	766
Total points scored by Rupert's Land	267
St. Mary's	42%
Rupert's Land	35%
Riverbend	23%

"OLD GIRLS" VS. "PRESENT GIRLS"

In addition to the inter-school basketball series, Rupert's Land played the Alumnae on Friday, January 30, in the school gym. The "Old Girls" made a dynamic start in the first game when Barbara Copeland chalked up twelve points in the first half of the game. However, in the last half the school team tightened their defence and the "Old Girls" scored only five points. The forwards on the school team made several spectacular long shots but the "Old Girls" maintained the lead they gained in the first few minutes throughout the game, making a total score of 17-13.

The second game was played between the Alumnae and our first team. It was a thrilling game from the start, although the Alumnae had two casualties. Our first team led the game from the beginning but only by a small margin. The final scores was Present Girls 24, Alumnae 18.

BOARDERS VS. DAY GIRLS

The Boarders played the Day Girls in a basketball game on Friday, April 19. The Day Girls were in the lead at the end of each of the three periods but the game was a good one and enjoyed by everyone. The final score in favor of the Day Girls was 24-6, which did not show the actual equalness of the game.

INTER-GRADE BASKETBALL

One of the most closely-contested games of basketball this year was the three-period game between Grade Ten and Grade Eleven in the final inter-grade basketball game. The final score, 14-8, was low due to the very tight defence of both teams. At the end of the first five-minute period Grade Ten led with a score of 4-0. After a concentrated effort against the Grade Ten defence, Grade Eleven sank their first basket in the beginning of the second period. The scoring alternated during this period, but Grade Ten was still ahead at the end of the second period. In the last period Grade Eleven used all their efforts to get the lead but Grade Ten, with equal effort, held it. The final score was 14-5 in Grade Ten's favor.



SHELAGH MCKNIGHT
Sports' Captain

Photo by Davidson

HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

Machray and Dalton tangled for the inter-house volleyball championship on Nov. 28. Although lost serves were frequent, there were many long and exciting volleys. Both teams made spectacular "spikes." The teamwork and consistency of Machray's team enabled them to defeat the Dalton House team, the final score being 21-17. The results were as follows: Machray 63, Dalton 59, Matheson 40 and Jones 31.

HOUSE BADMINTON

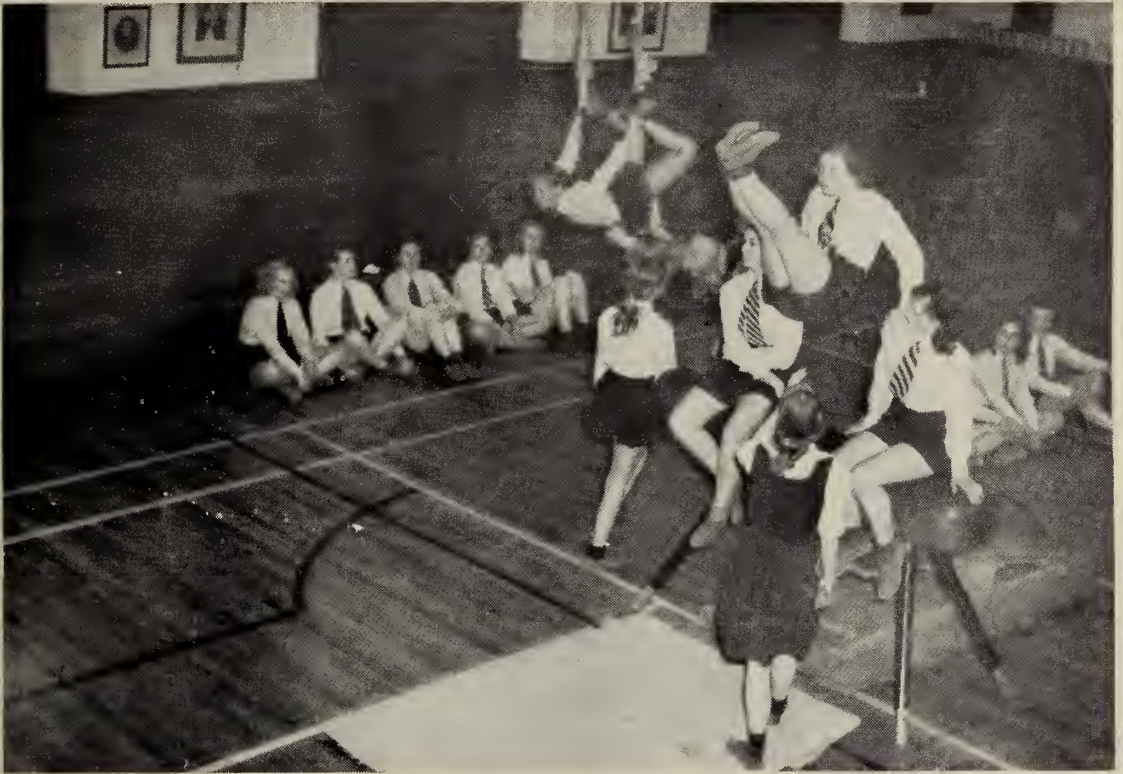
In the House Badminton tournament, Jones House was victorious with a score of 123 out of a possible 135. Jones House was fortunate in having, with its other good players, Doris Keen, who is one of this year's Manitoba junior doubles champions.

HOUSE DECK TENNIS

In the deck tennis competition, Dalton placed first with 91 points, Machray came second with 76 points, Jones third with 73 points, and Matheson fourth with 69 points.

INTER-GRADE BADMINTON

The final game in the grade badminton was played between Grade X and Grade XI—an exciting game in which Grade X was victorious.



INTER-GRADE DECK TENNIS

This was very enthusiastically played, the final game being between Grade IX and Grade XI. There were several good rallies with Grade XI winning by a small margin.

GYMNASTICS COMPETITION

Senior Gym Cup—Rosemary Henderson.

Intermediate—Marlene Musgrove.

Junior—Gladys Ward.

Midget—Arlene McEwing.

P.T. COMPETITION

1st Place: Grade X; 2nd Place: Grades XII and XI.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the girls who were on the teams, those who helped with the scorekeeping, timekeeping and especially those who supported the teams so faithfully.

We would like to say good luck to the girls who will be playing on the school teams next year and who, we know, will do their best. As you know, to win all the games does not mean everything. To do your best and to display good sportsmanship are the important things.

SHELACH McKNIGHT
(Sports Captain)

MARY TUCKER
(Ass't. Sports Captain)



LATE FOR GYM ?

Initiation Day

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Tonight we present the new boxing sensation, Humphrey Pennyworth, versus our favorite heavyweight champion, Joe Palooka!"



Such was the opening scene of Rupert's Land Initiation Night. Beth Southam, packed with pillows (?), and smiling bashfully, made a wonderful Humphrey. Poor Joe (Connie Voth) had little chance against the notorious upper-cut of Humphrey. The referee handled the fierce fighters well, and was quite impartial in his decisions. Then came Pennyworth's famous upper-cut! Joe was down! One, too . . . nine, ten! The winnah, Humphrey Pennyworth!

We were faced with a problem in the next scene, for the tooth of Little Sweetpea (Joan Rowdon) had to be pulled, and the combined strength of Olive (Janice Nixon), and Popeye (Mary Jackson), could not budge it until Pop-

eye fell back on his faithful can of —(guess what)—and the tooth popped out.

Then came the clatter of thundering hoofs (the gym horse draped with a buffalo rug), and with a "Hi ho, Silver, awaaaay!" the Lone Ranger (alias Gay Newman), and his faithful accomplice Tonto (Myrna Bartlett), galloped on to the stage, just in time to round up a thievin', murderin' bandit (resembling Moira Morrison).

Next we see Myrtle (or was it Kathy Wood?) ponderously practising her music lesson. Of course Sampson (Joan Rowdon) is there, mischievously contriving a way of sneaking Myrtle out to play.

We looked in at the Bumstead residence at two minutes before bus time, to find Dagwood (Jean Gorrell) taking his last gulp of coffee while Cookie and Alexander are helpfully handing him his hat and coat. (We hoped that they would hand him his suit pants, too, although his red and yellow polka dot shorts were exquisite.) He makes a bee-line for the door, but, in his haste, his farewell kiss lands, not on the blushing cheek of his wife (Dorothy Bailey), but on the bristly cheek of the postman (Doris Keen).

The scene changed, and we saw Gravel Gertie rocking her baby and strumming on her guitar. (Shelagh Joy consented to undo her long braids especially for the occasion.) But this peace was short-lived, for suddenly a vicious kidnapper entered and ruthlessly snatched the child from its cradle. A knock at the door! Was it the landlord? Was it the plumber? No, thank heaven, it was Dick Tracey (Thelma Dawson)—the famous detective had come to the rescue! The conclusion was obvious, as Tracey did his usual fast work, and the gangsters were overwhelmed.

The staff had their usual difficult problem of choosing Miss Rupert's Land; as it turned out, we really had a Mr. Rupert's Land, as the crown was presented to none other than Humphrey Pennyworth!

SHANNON HALL and JUDY ADAMSON.

The Literary Society

1947-48

It is my privilege to report on the activities of the Rupert's Land Literary Society for this year.

The executive, with the assistance of Shirley Anderson and Joanne Booker, provided a series of four programs on the short story during the first term. This proved very interesting. The stories included "The Interlopers," by Harold Munro, with which Miss Turner re-opened the club for the year; W. B. Maxwell's "In Charge," and "The Cask of Amontillado," by Edgar Allan Poe. We concluded this series with a reading and discussion of the old fairy tale "Bluebeard."

Gail Florance and Mary Lou Sime introduced our 1948 program with readings from the poetry of A. E. Housman, and an interesting paper on the life of this Shropshire poet.

Winnipeg was privileged this year to be able to the Donald Wolfit Shakespearean productions. Miss Turner enhanced our appreciation of "Much Ado About Nothing" by sketching the story and reading from the play at one of our January meetings.

The year would not be complete without a debate, and Ann Drew and Betty Muir supported the resolution "That war is good for people" and were opposed by Cynthia Clarke and Moira Morrison. The affirmative speakers did well, but we voted in favor of the negative side.

We were extremely fortunate this season in having as a guest speaker Miss McGuire, who lectures in English at St. John's College. She gave us a vivid account of the fascinating life of Virginia Woolf and also outlined Mrs. Woolf's book, "Flush," in a way that made many of the members resolve to read the novel for themselves.

Our final program took the form of a mock trial, to which outsiders were invited, with the Art Club as our special guests. The Trial was written and produced by Miss Turner and those who took part in it, while learning much about court procedure, also enjoyed themselves thoroughly on the side. I may say here that Miss Turner has worked tirelessly throughout the year on behalf of the club, and the members, being extremely grateful, wish to thank her for her encouragement and enthusiasm.

All members have been very generous in their donations of refreshments for the club. Highlights in this department were the Hallowe'en and St. Valentine's teas.

We hope that next year's members will enjoy, as we have, "The Canadian Poetry Magazine," to which the Society subscribed this year.

The large attendance at all our meetings has borne witness to the consistent interest of all the members and to the vitality of the programs throughout 1947-48.

SHEILA YOUNG

(Secretary)

Art Club

On October 10, 1947, the Rupert's Land Art Club had its opening meeting, at which several new people appeared as well as the old members. Elections took place and the offices of president and secretary were filled by Jill Baker and Patsy Taylor. It was decided that the meetings would be held every second Wednesday, from 4.00-5.15, the members either painting or working on crafts.

We had several interesting talks, discussions and movies which helped develop a wider interest in the club.

On November 27, Miss E. George came and spoke on Art Appreciation. Accompanying her was Miss Doris Hunt, of Daniel MacIntyre Collegiate, who gave us, with the help of illustrations, a most interesting talk on abstract drawing.

Miss Sharman was kind enough to assist in the showing of a technicolor film on the life and work of A. Y. Jackson. Following was a very spirited discussion on this famous Canadian artist's use of color!

Near the end of the Easter term the Literary Club invited the Art Club to a mock trial which we enjoyed immensely.

To finish off the summer term we propose to engage ourselves in outdoor sketching and oil-painting.

Our meetings have been few, but every one has been filled with most valuable suggestions from our wonderful teacher and honorary president, Mrs. M. C. Holland. I'm sure all the members feel as we do: Without Mrs. Holland we'd be sunk!

JILL BAKER (President).

JOAN EVERETT (Secretary).

Singing

The singing in the school proved to be exceptionally successful this year, due to the earnest, diligent and thoughtful work of Mrs. Dennis, who came to us in September. Inspired by her

SH!----FESTIVAL!



imagination, the senior choir, consisting of grades ten, eleven and twelve, has thoroughly

enjoyed the many hours spent studying music under Mrs. Dennis' leadership.

On November 1 volunteer singers from among the seniors sang in the choir at St. John's Cathedral for the Commemoration Service. Then, at the Christmas Carol Service volunteer singers formed a choir and added enjoyment to the program by singing "Mater Ora Filium" and "How Far Is It To Bethlehem?"

The whole choir entered the Private School Choirs' Class in the Musical Festival in April, singing the "Fairy Song" and the "Gypsy Dance," for which they obtained the marks of 87 and 90 respectively. A further honor was bestowed upon the choir when it was requested to sing at the final concert of the festival. This, too, was a successful performance.

All the girls are very grateful to Mrs. Dennis and would like to take this opportunity to thank her for the wonderful way in which she trained them during the year. We hope that in the future the choirs will be able to retain their former reputation which Rupert's Land regained in the festival this year.

JOANNE BOOKER.

The Basketball Dance

As their one big fling for the year, the senior girls of the school held a "Basket-Ball" on January 13th. The evening was the event of the annual Alumnae-school basketball game, and it was thought it would be fun to combine this with a dance.

The evening started early with the games between the first and second teams of both sides. A notable event early in the night was when Mildrey Parry got a poke in the eye and fainted. (For details of the games read the sports section of this yearbook). There was a photographer on hand to snap spectacular shots of the game, but most shots turned out to be only tossups or scrambles. The boys at the game got a good taste of how girls play basketball and were quite favorably impressed, giving out with some remarks such as "What close checking!" and so on.

Music for the evening was supplied by the Eaton's Junior Council Executive Bandbox records, most of which turned out to be Vaughn Munroe.

The gym was decorated with the big crests above the wall brackets and an amusing incident was when two of the boys attempted to run off with one without success.



While the girls who played in the games were getting dressed, the others were in the gym seeing a very good and interesting film on skiing which went over great with the boys, I heard!

Between dances, couples sat it out on the sides of the gym, in the main hall, or played ping-pong in the common room. Cokes were sold by senior girls and their partners on shifts through-

out the evening until the supply became exhausted.

The dance broke up at midnight with the playing of the Bandbox theme song, and couples left after having had a wonderful time. We only wish we had pictures to commemorate the event!

ALISON GOVAN (Grade XI)

The Mother and Daughter Banquet

On Saturday, November 22, for grades X, XI and XII, Rupert's Land had its first Mother and Daughter banquet, which, it is hoped, will become an annual affair.

Altogether, about ninety guests assembled and those girls whose mothers were not able to be present invited teachers to be their mothers for the evening.

Miss Bartlett and the teachers and presidents

of the grades concerned planned the banquet and formed themselves into committees to carry out what needed to be done.

The banquet itself was given in the dining-room, the color scheme of which was carried out in the school colors, black and gold. One long table was set lengthwise in the room and from the inner side of this at even intervals jutted out four more tables so that, when arranged,



Photo by Harold White

Back Row—Mrs. Foster, Miss Speers, Miss Lucas, Miss McLean, Mrs. Peterson.

Front Row—Mrs. Calof, Miss Marson, Miss Smith, Miss Sharman, Miss Newton.



Photo by Harold White

*Back Row—Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Dennis, Miss McMillan, Miss Peirson, Miss Swan.
Front Row—Miss Turner, Mrs. Holland, Miss Eldred, Mrs. Alsop.*

the table plan looked like a huge "E" with one extra prong. Each table had a vase of bronze chrysanthemums and white tapers held in brass candlesticks. The one long table was decorated with strips of yellow and black crepe paper; the decorations on the wall consisted of one large Rupert's Land crest. Then, too, each person had a place card, menu, and program at her place.

Everyone met in the drawing-room first and then promptly at seven all descended to the dining-room. The dinner, consisting of tomato juice, cold turkey, mashed potatoes, peas, ice cream, cake and tea, was delicious, being both well chosen and well prepared. According to

the talking and smiles, everyone seemed to be enjoying herself immensely.

Toasts were given by Miss Bartlett to the King, by Alison Govan to the mothers, a reply to which was given by Mrs. R. D. Baker. Then Barbara Cameron thanked the banquet executive.

Then, to give a finishing touch to the evening, technicolor films, "The Call of the Ski" and "Klee Wick," a display of some of Emily Carr's paintings were shown in the gym.

We all felt that our first Mother and Daughter banquet was indeed very successful.

RUTH SWATLAND.

Girl Guides

The Ninth Company Girl Guides began their meetings for 1947 to 1948 on Monday, September 15. The company was divided into four patrols with Miss Peirson as captain and Margaret Killick and Priscilla Rayner as acting lieuten-

ants. The company seems to have struggled through many difficulties, but we still maintain our membership of twenty.

During the year the following badges have been presented: Keep Fit, Barbara Risk; Pioneer, Patsy Taylor; Athlete, Patsy Taylor, Teresa Thain, Sally Dangerfield and Barbara Risk;

Second Class, Patricia Lambert, Betty Gill; Cook's, Patsy Taylor; Needlework, Patsy Taylor; Hostess, Patsy Taylor; Child Nurse, Patsy Taylor, Johanne Wintemute, Barbara Risk and Mary Lane Ward; Laundress, Betty Gill and Patricia Lambert.

We did two good deeds. At our Christmas party we packed one hamper and six of us checked coats at the men's Valentine tea at Holy Trinity church.

At the time of writing, we have just completed our baby's layette for the Bessborough Shield competition. We are looking forward to our annual cookie sale, our annual spring inspection and ushering at the Shriners' circus.

D. P.

Brownies

Fairies, Little People and Elves again have come back to Rupert's Land to dance under the magic toadstool. The Ninth Brownie pack was reorganized, with Miss Ruth Lucas Thompson as Brown Owl, and Miss Winona Ross as Tawny Owl.

As we gaze into the magic pool we see the opening hike of the year. Eighteen tweenies gathered around the bonfire and dreamed of Golden Bars and Golden Hands. The pool becomes misty, and clears again to show those tweenies become Brownies in November, and Brownieland had come to stay.

There was a Brownie revel at Christmas time, when we played games and sang with other Brownies. Afterwards we carolled our way back to Brown Owl's for cocoa and cookies.

In March there was a second enrollment. Gwenda Evans and Michele Paterson became members of our pack. Madam Commissioner, Mrs. Sunquist, performed the ceremony.

Two church parades were held this year, but where were the Brownies?

A tea is to be held to help fill the Pot of Gold, and to show friends the toadstool.

From the murky side of the magic pool is a vague reflection of a swimming party still to come.

Already Judy Darwin, Peggy Evans, Doreen Gardiner, Jill Kilgour, Arlene McEwing, Dorothy Richardson and Sheila Tremaine have won their Golden Bars and are working very hard to obtain their Golden Hands.

Norma Dell Cameron, Donna Johnston, Carol Cross and Wendy Playforth are still struggling with the sheep-bend knot; Mary Ann Overton,

Doreen Anderson, Michele Easton are working on their nature badge; Carol Armstrong and Carol Ann Bate also have a few things between them on a Golden Bar.

A pink and blue carriage cover is being knitted by the pack, and we are all waiting to see which six wins the animal scrapbook contest.

Doreen Gardner is sixer of the Fairies, Peggy Evans of the Little People, and Jill Kilgour of the Elves.

And until the pack meets again next year we all promise to do our best, to do our duty . . .

RUTH LUCAS THOMPSON,
Brown Owl.

Hignettes of School Life

(Edited by ALISON GOVAN)

Pupil: "I wish Miss Turner would stop talking so I could finish my comic book."

What gym teacher who joined the school staff in February asked the street-car conductor for "Tickets, please," and was handed green ones?

Excuses!

Surely you're not late again? You must be getting tired of those late marks! Don't worry, just read (we presume you can) on, and those extra ten minutes' sleep will be all yours for genuine enjoyment.—No, I don't mean you won't be late, but your flimsiest excuse won't falter under even the most dubious teacher's criticism.

There are various excuses. You know the time-worn ones about alarm clocks, street-cars, etc. Don't use these unless you are a master of "the approach." Be original! Perhaps you're late because the toaster short-circuited, and everyone went down town for breakfast. Or couldn't it be that the dog had pups? These excuses in most cases are quite weak without "the approach," so we will deal chiefly with that important factor. Remember, above all, that you must personally believe your own story, then the rest is easy.

Suppose that this morning it is the "toaster broke down" story you are using (you have, of course, previously described the shock you received from the afore-mentioned toaster. You have also made it known how sure you are that the thing is going to blow up). The stage is set and the rest is up to you.

Ten minutes late, you hurry—no, you run upstairs to the classroom. But wait, is your tie straight and are your seams? Is your hair

combed and are your cuff-links done up? (Remember, no self-respecting "Rupe" girl would have breakfast down town without looking her very best.) Do you look wide awake? (You must, because you have been up for some time, remember.) And do you look extraordinarily well fed? This is a very necessary look to have because it must be very obviously different from that usual "hurried coffee" morning look. Now you are ready! Stride with assurance into the room, smiling sweetly upon all, and take your seat with an "Excuse me, please," spoken in well-fed tones, and a look of complete satisfaction and ready-for-anything energy—(they tell me this comes with a good breakfast). You are now looked upon with jealousy by the class and slight wonder by the teacher.

Your teacher is the main problem because often she is quite smart, and rather than demand an immediate excuse, she keeps you in suspense throughout the whole period while watching up for slip-ups in your attitude. So, above all, never look guilty, remember you are right and you have had a good breakfast. This tendency of some teachers to put off the evil day is rather trying, since it means that "the approach" must be maintained throughout a whole period. If you are subjected to the suspense treatment, take advantage of it to establish your alibi. Turning with your head slightly inclined toward the person behind, but with the voice projecting towards the front of the room (making sure that the teacher's back is turned), in a loud stage whisper announce that you have had the most wonderful breakfast, and all because the toaster blew a fuse. By now, the class, envying you thoroughly, is completely in sympathy and will help you immensely when the time comes, especially if they know that it was fried oysters (or some such oddity), that you had.

By now the time has come and you are "on the carpet." You stand or sit, completely mastering the situation. When a reason for your lateness is requested you pause, look as though you might not let anyone in on your story, then slowly break into mirth and gleefully announce that you were right, the toaster did blow up! Explain (with animation) the expression of each person when it happened, and that for once you'd had a good breakfast—fried oysters! Then with great glee launch into an enthusiastic description of the same to your awe-stricken teacher whom you imagine has never had oysters for breakfast. By now, you are envied by staff and pupils alike, and have every-

one wishing that it was their toaster which had blown a fuse.

Remember, then, no matter how weak the story, if "the approach" is good, late marks will vanish.

PAT JOY (Grade XII)

Busy as beavers most of the day,

Part of the night as well,

Working away at articles

That turn out—not so well.

What's it for? Why, my dear, look!

It's all for our Rupert's Land Year Book!

JOYCE BENHAM (Grade XI).

Good luck to Gay Newman, our next year's representative on Eaton's Junior Council.

"I thank whatever gods may be

For my unconquerable sole."

(Exam. excerpt.)

"How beautiful the garden is,

All green and yaller and turquize."

A sign stating: "Students violating the privileges of the common-room will be punished. Prefects' decision will be final," was authorized by the Council and put up by Janet Cameron after being advocated by one S. Young.

P.S.—These two were heaved out of the common-room the next day.

"NAUGHTY"

When nearly all the lights are out,

I open my door and steal out;

I look up and down,

And hear not a sound,

But see a little mouse creeping around.

But then Miss McMillan opened her door
and said:

"Who is out of her little bed?"

But she heard not a peep,

For I was asleep,

For back to my bed I had quickly leaped.

GLADYS WARD (Grade V).

"The essay 'Victory,' by Winston Churchill, shows the close of the war of 1812-14."—(Exam. excerpt.)

We heard that one of our cannibal friends in
grade seven won 15c for eating one live gold
fish. Taste good, Cath?

* * *

Eight grade eleven girls played "Winnie the
Pooh" by sending a "missige": remember
"missige x"?

"... we lost by chance.

A pair of _____."

To My School Ring

Remember the day, five years ago, when you
were on display at Birks Dingwall Jewelry
Store? You had a great desire to be bought,
so you gave your best shine and flashed your
crest bearing the yellow, white and black back-
ground on which was an eagle perched on an
"Alta Petens" branch of silver with the initials
"R.I.C." below it; fortunately you fitted me
exactly.

Time has passed rapidly, but I still have the
habit of slipping you off and on and twisting
you around my finger. Along with me inside
the school you are accustomed to having people
admire you. Weren't you proud when Miss
Bartlett announced in prayers that the girls
must not wear any other rings on their fingers?
After leaving this school, Rupert's Land, there
will always be kept alive in my memory a re-
membrance of school days, enlightened by that
inspiring motto, simply by looking at my finger.

SHIRLEY ANDERSON (Grade XI).

Exam excerpt: "A senator must have liabil-
ities over \$4,000." I think I'll be a senator! !

A Perfect Day in Grade Eight

Each morning, bright and early,

As we come prancing in,
Miss Peirson greets us with a smile,
"Our Maths will now begin!"

We groan and settle down to work,
Our brains with taxes muddled.
Insurance, Duties, everything
Just gets us more befuddled.

The buzzer rings. Down to the lab
We hurry with our books,
The apparatus looks.
But, oh! how weird and horrible

It's recess now. What blessed peace!

Into the gym we hurry.

As we come out a Prefect snarls,

"Where are your shoes?" More worry!

Then Music comes. With cheerful voice

We hurry in to sing.

Five minutes pass, then fifteen more

When will that buzzer ring?

Off to P. T. we quickly run,

We think of games in store,

But, oh! alas! our aching bones

With exercise are sore.

Our lunch we quickly gobble down,

Then hurry back to class,

But when we hear it's History,

The whole class cries "alas!"

Through Latin and that hateful French

We try to go to sleep,

And finally when the last bell goes,

Out of our desks we leap.

We stagger home with piles of work,

There is no time for fun,

Before we rest our weary eyes

Each question must be done.

And so through all the length of days

Endurance faileth never;

Good teachers, may we sing their praise

Within this school forever.

ANNE ORIEL and SALLY DANGERFIELD,

(Grade VIII).

Sue Clifford had a bad cold one day and was
coughing badly during Miss Turner's reading
of "Macbeth." Miss Turner read the line, "Go,
get some water," and up got Sue to get herself
a glass of water. It was a bit of a surprise to
find the line in the second act of "Macbeth" ! !

"A peu defrais" — a little fresh.

"Par-dessus" — overcoat.

Look to Rupert's Land!

Look to Rupert's Land!

For it is learning, the very life of learning;
In its twelve years lie all the varieties

And realities of our education;
 The love of right;
 The glory of action;
 The bonds of friendship;
 For our yesterdays are already dreams,
 And our tomorrows are only visions,
 But our todays, well-lived, make our every
 yesterday
 Dreams of happiness, and our every tomorrow
 visions of hope.
 Look well, therefore, to Rupert's Land!
 Such are the salutations of "Alta Petens."

SHIRLEY ANDERSON (Grade XI).

Oh! My Aching Head!

It was quiet on the second floor of the boarding school when all of a sudden this loud cry was heard, "Ouch, that was my head you just hit!"



The matron went rushing down the hall to the room from which the cry came. She waited outside the door for a moment, but all was quiet and peaceful. She opened the door and there, standing poised in the middle of the bed was the culprit with a pillow held high over her head.

"What are you doing in here?" exclaimed the matron.

"Nothing at all," was the reply.

Now what was she to do about this situation? Well, at last she decided to let it pass, but not without warning of a detention the next time it happened.

An hour later all was quiet again when a terrible noise issued from the same room. As the matron opened the door she was greeted by a flurry of feathers and screams and cries. This time it was definitely to be a detention for all four of them, she decided.

Then to the four culprits she gave her decision and this was the reply she received, "But, matron, we weren't making any noise."

Oh! my aching head!

BARBARA RISK (Grade VII).

The name of our school (Rupert's Land, remember?) has taken quite a beating what with "Rupert's - Landgirls" and "Rupert's - Landladies."

* * *

Extra! Extra! The largest of Miss Sharman's grasshoppers, "King," has escaped! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of King, please do not step on him — he's harmless! !

Charity Activities

This year we have taken part in two projects of a charitable nature.

Last September, Miss Mary Gordon, who taught at Rupert's Land a few years ago, and whose home is in the north of England, wrote to tell us about the need of the girls in her district for warm dresses, coats, shoes and stockings. A competition, won by grade eleven, was held between the grades, to see which could collect the greatest number of articles of clothing, and, as a result, a two hundred pound parcel was sent in time for winter weather. Later, Miss Gordon sent a letter of thanks, telling us how she had distributed the garments, and how pleased the recipients were. A letter also came from one of the girls, thanking us personally for her share.

In the latter half of the Easter term, our school filled four charts for the Canadian Appeal for Children. The charts were drawn to represent classrooms, each one having thirty-two seats; each seat was worth a dollar, and each dollar equipped a child for school. Thus our contribution amounted to \$128.00.

Although we have not done as much as we wished to do, we feel glad that we have assisted the children of England and Europe in some small degree.

MARY LOU SIME (Grade X).



A. FIRST PLACE (tie)—ROSALIND JOHNSON.



A. FIRST PLACE (tie)—ROSALIND JOHNSON.



B. FIRST PLACE—ROSALIND JOHNSON.

Photography Competition

(Arranged by Elaine Tem-
pest and Carol Warner)

•

Again this year Dr. Leach
kindly consented to judge
the Photography Competi-
tion and gave awards to the
pictures reproduced on this
page.

CLASSES

- A. Scenery.
- B. Human and Animal
Life.



B. THIRD PLACE—PAULA MUNRO.



A. SECOND PLACE—JOAN DAVIDSON.



B. SECOND PLACE—SUSAN CLIFFORD.



KINDERGARTEN

Back Row—David Bell, Margaret Newbold, Monica Hill, Michael Pinfold, Marilyn Monk, John Millman, Peter Sutherland, Ann Ryan.
Middle Row—Barbara Mitchell, Connie Davidson, Stewart Wilson, Ann Saxton, Penny Routley, Jane Beattie, Douglas Mitchell, Bryan Hayes.
Front Row—Renee Holmeister, Marcia Diamond, Patsy Higgins, Carolyn Work, Alan Way.
Absent—Richard Farrally, Anna Jane Willis, Ann Connacher.



GRADES I AND II

Back Row—Wendy Playford, Mary Ann Overton, Lorraine Davidson, Judy Macdonald, Jimmy Bowman, Robert Hollenberg, Rosemary Lynde, Madeline Gillespie.
Middle Row—Leonard Easton, Gabrielle Wredde, Faith Wilson, Gail Allman, David Ingram.
Front Row—Morley Hollenberg, Bonnie Davidson, Tony Shaw, Joe Ritchie, Gwendda Evans, Deana Farey, Ann Saxton.
Absent—Barry Stewart, Carol Armstrong, Eric Landon, Roberta Sheps



Photo by Harold White

GRADES III AND IV

Back Row—Carol Ann Bates, Dorothy Richardson, Peggy Evans, Carol Cross, Judy Darwin, Jane Savage.

Middle Row—Donna Johnston, Beverley Haigh, Michael Easton, Michael Patterson, Doreen Gardner, Norma Dell Cameron.

Front Row—Arlene McEwing, Jill Kilgour, Doreen Anderson, Sheila Tremaine, Barbara Fowler.



TWO BIRDIES

Two little birdies flew down from a tree
To see what was on the ground.
One found a flea
And ate it with glee,
But the other kept looking around.

CAROL ANNE BATE (Grade III)

SPRING

The snow has melted from the ground,
 Our skating days have past,
 And we can shed our overcoats,
 'Cause Spring is here at last.

Birds are returning from the south,
 To build their feathery nests.
 The trees and shrubs are budding,
 And Mother Nature's at her best.

The grass will soon be bright and green,
 And gardens will abound.
 Our thoughts will turn to holidays,
 Which soon will be around.

BEVERLEY HAIGH (Grade III).

OUR SIAMESE KITTEN

Our little kitten has blue eyes,
 And has a funny face;
 He has a bed, but often lies
 Beside the fireplace.

Our kitten's coat feels just like mink,
 But is a creamy white;
 He's very proud of it, we think,
 It keeps him warm at night.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON (Grade IV).

TENTING

Last summer my girl friend and I made a tent. We made it out of some blankets and canvas. That night Connie, my girl friend, said, "Why don't we sleep in our tent tonight?" I asked my mother and she said yes I could. Connie was allowed to also.

When we were sleeping, a storm came up. Our tent got wet, but it wasn't leaking. Later on the storm got worse and I got up. I looked to see if Connie was awake, and she was. Oh! what a night, neither of us slept any more. Soon our tent started to leak and we got wet. Next morning we had the sniffles.

PEGGY EVANS (Grade IV).

MY DOG

I have a black and white dog,
 He's black with spots of white,
 He loves to sit upon a log
 And howl all through the night.

That silly little dog is bad —
 But really not so dumb,
 For when he gets you very mad
 He's smart enough to run.

JILL KILGOUR (Grade IV).

LITTLE OSCAR

Oscar was a friendly grebe. He was soft and fluffy and yellow with a pointed bill. Oscar was tame. He would have liked to live with us, but we didn't know how to feed a baby grebe, so daddy took him to a near-by island in our canoe and lost him in the reeds.

A mother duck heard our little Oscar calling to daddy as he was coming home. She may have asked Oscar to go swimming with her children, because next day we saw a mother and a father duck with three children instead of the two that we had seen with them before. One was a little bigger than the others. We think it was Oscar.

JANE SAVAGE (Grade IV).





GRADES V AND VI

Photo by Harold White

*Back Row—Arlene Wardley, Pat Lambert, Shelagh Donnegani, Sheila Reilly, Betty Gill.
Third Row—Lorna Noyes, Ann Carroll, Honor Bonnecastle, Joan Patriarche, Sylvia Pierce,
Elaine Castle.
Second Row—Pitsy Perrin, Joan Anderson, Susan Finkelstein, Arlene Phillips, Gladys Ward.
First Row—Martha Travers, Janice Marks, Judy Hanson, Glen Murray, Carol Nixon.*

JIMMY AND THE BEAR

One morning Jimmy woke up with the longing to fish. So he quickly dressed, golluped some breakfast, then started on his cicycle down the road.

He planned to go to a little stream where he had often fished before. Then, settling himself on the bank, he started to fish. But he failed to hear a noise behind him which proved later to be a baby cub. Suddenly he looked behind him, noticing the newcomer. He grabbed his fish and put them in his basket. He threw a stick at the cub.

But just at that moment the cub's mother came bounding out of the wood. Jim certainly had to think fast, because he knew what mother bears would do to protect their young. So he grabbed a stick and tossed it at the bear. But the beast wasn't stopped by a measly stick. Suddenly Jim tripped over a log and fell head first. Just then he had an inspiration to throw

his fish at the bear, so that the bear would stop and eat the fish and he could get away. So this was done, and picking himself up he ran to his house down the road. That night a lot of explaining was done. In the morning he returned for his things. But he never forgot his experience at the creek, or the loss of the fish they would have had for dinner if it hadn't been for that awful bear.

JUDY HANSON (Grade VI).

THE ROBIN

Little robin red breast,
Where do you go?
Do you fly to the west,
Or hide in the snow?

In the summer eventide
Where do your little ones hide?
Do they hide near your breast,
Or do they hide in a nest?

GLADYS WARD (Grade V).



Photo by Harold White

1. Miss Dalton.
2. Swinging along.
3. Youth - only moreso!
4. Hard work!
5. Barbie's cookie.
6. Olympics, coming up!
7. Wow!
8. Bend, Rosie, Bend!
9. My how Moira's grown.
10. Just call me "Barbie Ann"!
11. If at first you don't succeed - Aw heck ! !
12. Such a happy looking brood!
13. "Let me call you sweetheart . . ."
14. Now that background . . . well!

15. Boo!
16. "All alone, by the telephone."
17. What form (skiing that is!)
18. Swing double?
19. Stre-e-e-e-etch!
20. Loaded - per usual!
21. What, no skates ? ! ?
- 22a. Home, sweet (?) home.
- 22b. Careful - - whew! !
23. Bicycle built for two!
24. Stuffing it in as usual!
25. The new length^a
26. If $3x = Z^2y - + 10C^{15}, x = ?$

27. "Where's Donna?"
28. Eat, eat, eat, it's all we do!
29. Squint!
30. Stuck up? or blinded by sun?
31. O O O Oh! - Not Liz again!?!
32. Watch the other one, it's dripping - !
33. It's no use!
34. Kids! My garter broke ! ! !
35. Our pride - joy.
36. Prep for trig or poetry?
37. Come on Thorny, SMILE ! !
38. The end (s).



GRADE VII

Back Row—Bertie Clancy, Jo Ann Adams, Barbara Risk.
Second Row—Joan Nix, Frances Macfarland, Ruth Gonick, Georgina Bartlett, Ina Huen.
Third Row—Jane Gladstone, Dawn Wankle, Shaen Patterson, Daphne Hanson, Joan Davidson.
Front Row—Susan Snell, Cynthia Adamson, Diana Nanton, Mary Lane Ward, Judy Patton.
Absent—Beverley Aird, Cathy Young.

SKATING BALLERINA

She starts off safe and sure,
 And glides across the ice,
 Her cross-cut is perfection,
 Her spin is very nice.

She ends in a dainty pivot,
 And continues on her way,
 At the thought of the difficult split jump
 Her sureness begins to sway.

She turns her three while thinking
 How much it would hurt her seat
 If she landed — but there, she flies through the
 air
 And lands on her own two feet!

Her axle must come next,
 It always worked before;
 She Whirls through the air and lands;
 The crowd sets up a roar.

She swoops down the ice for her finish,
 Her spiral is lovely, and how!
 In answer to the roars of applause
 She gives a dainty bow.



She steps back into the spotlight
 And bows and curtsseys twice,
 When the back of her pretty costume
 Unexpectedly meets the ice!

JOAN DAVIDSON (Grade VII).

"LOOKING IN THE FIRE"

(Honorable Mention: Junior Poetry)

Looking in the fire,
You see a castle tall;
Another glance and then you see —
A great big fiery ball.

Looking in the fire,
You see a giant there,
And the brave prince who slew him
For his maiden fair.

Looking in the fire,
You see some elfins gay,
Dancing round and round in circles
At their funny play.

Looking in the fire,
You see some ugly witches
Brewing magic spells and potions,
While their cats make twitches.

Looking in the fire,
You see gallant knights and kings,
Princesses and dragons —
And a lot of magic things.

SHAEN PATTERSON (Grade VII).

MAHAITA: AT HOME AND ABROAD

(Honorable Mention: Junior Short Story)

Night-time has wrapped her velvety arms around the hills, and everyone sleeps peacefully in Mexico. However, in Sun-Valley Mansion, Mexico, all is not well. Mahaita, the adopted Mexican ward, had heard the stunning news. She is to go to boarding school in two weeks. It would mean good-bye to all her loved ones. No more rides over the hills with Taffy, the chocolate colored Shetland. No more playful romps with Knight, the coal-black Labrador. No more honeyed cookies from Dinah, the round, jolly negro cook. In place of this, four walls and a bunch of tittering, giggly females.

The next day was cloudy and the earth gave queer rumblings. Dinah went around with dark, hurt eyes and was quite unlike her usual jolly self. Knight seemed to sense something

wrong, and howled miserably in the corner. It seemed as if the whole world sympathized with her.

Fitting and packing was the main concern of the human occupants. Corsets that were chokingly tight went into the trunk. Also dresses of ugly reds and faded blues were in the jumbled heap and hats of sickly reds and dirty blondes. The next two weeks were an agony of fittings and sad farewells.

It is the last night for Mahaita. She tossed and turned in her bed, then tiptoed outside. The moonlight was soft and pale, warm and inviting. The stars twinkled at her reassuringly from their high roost, and somewhere in the distance a coyote howled. A breeze was playing hide-and-seek, and Mahaita shivered in the gust. She crept into the barn and lay down on the hay. It smelled sweet and fresh, reminding her of sun-kist days, and moonlight nights. Mahaita's eyes closed, and soon even *she* slept.

We shall skip by the next few days. They were sad ones for Mahaita and she really learned how cold the world was. The sphere these children lived in was run by bells. Mahaita found. They got up by a bell, ate by a bell, went to bed by a bell. Mahaita finally got into routine, but she was thinner, more listless, and there were rings around her eyes.

The months fly by and it is near the end of the term. But as we take a peek at Mahaita, we hardly recognize her. She was plump and had a merry ringing laughter before. Now she is thin, listless and hollow-eyed. She was so white in class today that the teacher told her to go to bed. When they came up to see her, her skin had a feverish, yellow tinge, and her lips were moving constantly. She tossed and turned, and screamed hysterically. She had yellow fever!

The teachers decided to send her home to convalesce. Mahaita was conscious of being put into a car, whizzing dizzily for many miles, and getting on a boat.

All of a sudden Mahaita realized she was going home. She smiled wanly as she was carried off the boat. Her last thought, before she said, "Hello" to Nod was that she was safe, safe, on her own little island at home.

JOAN NIX (Grade VII).

OH HORSE!

Oh horse you are a wonderful thing,
 No buttons to push, no bells to ring;
 You start yourself with no clutch to slip,
 No sparks to miss, no gears to rip —
 You've something on the auto, yet
 Your wants are few and easily met,
 Oh horse, you are a wonderful thing!
 To me you're the animal's king.

SUSAN SNELL (Grade VII).



Photo by Harold White

GRADE VIII

Back Row—Janet Carman, Myrna Bartlett, Johanne Wintemute, Donna Smith, Phyllis Erwin.

Middle Row—Anne Oriel, Marilyn McClaskey, Katherine Wood, Mary Jane McElhoes, Judy Ross.

Front Row—Jenepher Gemmill, Catherine Vlassie, Constance Voth, Sally Dangerfield, Pat Copley.

SLEEPING ON THE TRAIN AND ITS
DIFFICULTIES

Sleeping on the train may be fun, but it certainly has its difficulties.

It's about 10:00 o'clock, and in the observation car while reading a magazine, it suddenly occurs to you that you're feeling sleepy.

You finish reading that fascinating paragraph with a yawn, then with a big stretch you get up and begin the long journey to your car.

While walking between the first two cars on your journey naturally the conductor forgot to close one of the two windows and the strong wind blows that twenty-five cent comb out of your once neat hair into a wild rain storm. Oh well, it'll be alright. The worst is surely all over!

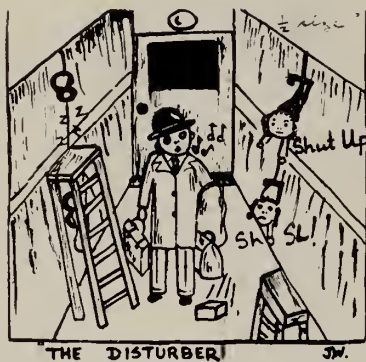
Did you say all over? Why it's hardly begun, as you find out when you step into the next car. Feeling a hard bump on your head you look up to some girl who just by mistake

stepped on your head. But you try to forget it as you walk on.

Two more cars to go! Surely nothing else will happen! But . . . near the end of the next car a vicious looking article sits right in the middle of your path. Of course you don't see it and the next thing you find yourself on the floor. After getting up and finding a long run in your nylons you hand, of all things, a miniature locomotive to two eager little hands. Again you're the one who apologizes, and you are so disgusted you can't even appreciate the "Oh! it's quite alright" smile from the little boy's mother.

Finally your car! Then you see Upper No. E5.

"Oh! my berth at last," you sigh. Up at the top of the ladder, though, you scream. There's a strange man in your berth.



The porter comes running. Everyone gathers around, and a very embarrassed man climbs down from the berth and for once you're not the one who apologizes. Finally this unfortunate incident blows over. The berth is made up again and at about 11.15 p.m. you settle down to sleep.

Time—1:30 a.m. Place—On the Floor.

You snore yourself awake, shake your head, and sit up with a start.

Why? . . . why! you've fallen out of your berth!

You must've made an awful noise, because here comes the porter.

What excuse was there? Well, of course, he had forgotten to put up the straps in the berth

and you had left the berth curtain undone. What next! ? ! ?

You climb back to bed with the porter's apologizing voice after you.

Oh, well, accidents do happen!

Getting back to sleep was no easy task, with a baby crying and someone snoring, but finally you manage to get to dreamland.

Then, all of a sudden you feel yourself jumping up in bed. Now what? ! Oh, you might have known! The engine had to be changed and the coaches reloaded with ice. About an hour later the train pulls out.

Ah, sleep at last!

Yes, for the rest of the night, rather morning — two hours, to be exact — nothing happens.

But at 6:30 instead of 7:30 the porter shouts, "First call for breakfast." But, of course, you excuse him because he's new on the job.

You decide it's no use trying to get back to sleep, so you just lie there until it's time to get up. You're so deep in imagination that you miss the "first" call for breakfast. But when the second comes you jump up and begin to get dressed. You fly to the washroom only to find it jammed. So about a half hour later you're ready for breakfast.

In the dining-car you sit down all ready to eat. You state your order to the waiter.

"Pineapple juice." "Sorry, that's all gone!" "Corn flakes." "They're all gone, too, sorry!" "Bacon and eggs." "Oh, I'm terribly sorry! There's no more left."

What a trip, you can't even have a normal breakfast!

That stomach of yours just won't keep quiet. But all you get to content it is: Half a grapefruit, two pieces of slightly burned toast, and a slightly warm cup of coffee. Well that's something.

Your trip is almost over, so you pack that dreadful suitcase and get ready to get off the train.

At the station Aunt Abigail gives you a big kiss and says, of all things, "My dear, you look perfectly lovely and so rested! I'm sure you had a wonderful night on the train."

You gulp and say, "Oh, of course . . . a . . . wonderful . . . night."

DONNA SMITH (Grade VIII).



Photo by Harold White

GRADE IX

Back Row—Marlene Musgrove, Moira Morrison, Mary Jackson, Patsy Taylor, Shelagh Morrison, Ruth Simonds.

Middle Row—Lillian Briercliffe, Pat Phillips, Kathleen Blake, Phyllis Oretzki, Cynthia Clark, Pat Copley.

Front Row—Geraldine Schoepp, Janice Nixon, Doris Keen, Pamela Garton, Betty Muir.

MOVING DAY

On January 1, 1948, we left our old house on Westgate and moved to one of those small compact affairs on Palmerston.

To an inexperienced person, moving may seem a simple affair, but I can tell you from experience that it is not.

The day began at 6:00 a.m. We gathered things together in a last minute flurry, and to our great dismay we discovered that we had forgotten to take our clothes to the new house. This difficulty was overcome when the lady across the street offered to drive us over with anything we had forgotten.

Arriving at the new house, we had great difficulty opening the door. The key, being one of those temperamental ones, turned but refused to make the door yield. First I put the key in half way, then entirely, then gradually pulling it out again tried to turn it. After

this procedure had been gone through, I gave the door a mighty kick, and to our great rejoicing, it creaked open.

The things were carefully piled in the living-room, and we returned home. After several trips, the cupboards at our old house were as bare as "Old Mother Hubbard's."

Finally the moving van arrived and two very small men climbed out. They walked into the house and straight upstairs. My sister, who was having a bath, screamed:

"Mother, don't let them come up here."

"They won't be coming in there," mother returned.

"What are you going to do about the soap?" Pam replied.

When this little episode was over the men began to clear out the upstairs furniture. All went well, until, when finished with the other rooms, the men began on mum and dad's. This

room contained many heavy pieces of furniture, and, of course they began with the heaviest. With much puffing and blowing they dropped it with a resounding thud! Their conversation ran something like this:

"What do they think this is, the British Museum?"

"Let's just leave it right here."

"Well"

"How about lowering it through this window on a rope?"

"We might get fired," was the reply. "We couldn't get a rope strong enough to hold it anyway."

After much bickering and an abrupt 'phone call, two big burly men arrived and soon everything was loaded on the van.

After they had left I suddenly remembered there was still the dog and the skis to be taken to the new house. Barbara, my girl friend, and I, set out on the skis with Willie, my dog, who was attached to my ski pole by a long rope.



Being a very adventurous puppy he ran off if he saw anything interesting, leaving me lying in the snow with my ski pole dragging after him, while Barbara tried vainly to catch him. At last, by foul means or fair, we caught him and again resumed our journey, reaching our destination at 4:30.

Back at home again Mum and I went to a little store for dinner. Here we met Dad, who had spent a peaceful day at the office. After

dinner we went to our new house and settled for the evening, that is, as much as we could settle on clothes piled nearly to the ceiling and falling on us wherever we sat. At 10 o'clock everybody dropped sleepily into bed. Moving day was over.

CYNTHIA CLARKE,
(Grade IX).

* * *

THE SEAGULL

(Honorable Mention: Junior Poetry)

One dusky eve at close of Spring, when any sound could scarce be heard,
Upon a post with folded wing, there sat this strange and eerie bird.
A marble statue he resembled, ghostly white, and pale and cold;
He neither quivered, neither trembled, while resting on his splintered hold.
The sun had crept far out of sight, and in its place were twinkling stars;
They shone so brightly in the night, like jewels that had no flaws or mars.
But in the gloom before me yet, his stiff white outline could be seen.
His figure made me now forget, and dream of days that might have been.

What wondrous tales I could unfold, of mysteries that have ne'er been heard.
I'd fly o'er countries warm and cold, if I were he, this sleeping bird.
But as it is, it cannot be, for I am but a human small.
A seagull has a life that's free, while I stay here, inside my wall.

DORIS KEEN,
(Grade IX).

* * *

OUR DANCING CLASS

Richardson's was the meeting place,
For there we learned to dance with grace.
Every Friday night,
Some of the boys—Oh! what a sight.

Ronny, Blair, Oxo and Hugh,
Plus the the other twenty-two,
Stepped all over our dainty feet,
And then complained about the heat.

The conversation at first was so formal,
We were not quite sure if the boys were normal;

When at last they said "That's all,"

We took a deep breath and ran for the hall.

During the first class we were all so shy,

Everyone was glad to say good-bye.

The second was not so bad—

I'm sure a good time by all was had.

The third class was such a lot of fun.

For this week the waltz had just begun;

Several girls were in a trance,

Because they'd been asked to the Ravens-
court dance.

The fourth, fifth and sixth classes were very
much better,

Each girl wore a dress instead of a sweater.

The boys played hockey and came in late,

And this with Miss Lloyd just didn't rate.

Soon after Christmas we began again,

But our dancing skill had started to wane;

We were all quite good by the ninth class,
though,

And everybody had something else to show.

* * *

At the last class all the prizes were won,

And everybody had lots of fun.

We wish to thank all of you

Who made this dancing class come true.

PAMELA GARTON and SHELAGH MORRISON,
(Grade IX).

* * *

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS OF TORTURE

Object: To donate our excess fat to those who
need it more than we do.

Apparatus: The bathroom scales, calorie
chart, skim milk, lettuce, Morons Ecstasy, car-
rots, celery, tomatoes, eggs (not fried), soup
(the dishwater type), pumpkin pie with whip-
ped cream, brown bread, cabbage, plenty of
willpower.

Diagram: 2 Three girls. Before. Destination?
Result!

Method: Feb. 11—We jumped out of bedroom
to go. We felt like a good breakfast, but skim
milk and dry bread had to suffice. By noon we
were absolutely ravenous, so we tore downstairs
to drink our thermos of orange juice. There
were luscious cookies at the Literary Society
meeting but we had to resist. At dinner, bravely
thinking of how utterly different we would
look at Easter, we doubtfully restrained our-
selves. As "early to bed, early to rise" was our
motto, we were soon on our way to the Land
of Nod.

Feb. 18: Lost 3 lbs., probably due to the three-
day juice diet we went on over the week-end.

Feb. 21: We weakened today, but the coke
(80 calories) was really very refreshing—so
were the potato chips.

Feb. 22: Gained 1½ lbs.

Feb. 25: We survived on cabbage, juice and
skim milk, with lettuce, too, for variety.



BEFORE... DESTINATION?? RESULT !!

MM

March 5: Went to Moyer's at noon today. Had
chocolate nut marshmallow sundae and the new
"rummy milkshake." We also bought a couple
of chocolate bars to eat in what we laughingly
call "study" period. Made fudge before dinner.
Mother was rather annoyed when she discover-
ed that there was none left. However, she
brightened up considerably when we offered
to make a cake for her later. She mightn't have
been so pleased if she had known the dark,
ulterior motive for this sudden donation of our
time—we were still hungry. Each of us went to
bed with a peculiar cavity in our stomachs—
heroically refusing to yield to the temptation
that was besetting us!

March 8: Gained 5½ lbs.

March 15: Back on diet (orange juice and
lettuce).

March 21: Lost 1 lb.

March 26: We kept our diet pretty well, as this
is the last day of Lent. However, mother's box
of chocolates mysteriously seemed to disappear
from the china cabinet.

Observations: The more we ate the more we
gained. The less we ate the more we lost.

Conclusion: Gained ten and one-half pounds.

MARLENE MUSGROVE and BETTY MUIR,
(Grade IX).



Photo by Harold White.

GRADE X

Back Row—Jill Baker, Marlyn Forrest, Nancy Smith, June Kobar.

Second Row—Joan Croll, Gay Newman, Thelma Dawson, Joan Everett, Rosemary O'Neil.

Third Row—Elizabeth Hickman, Rosemary Henderson, Joan Howden, Dorothy Bailey, Joanna Hollenberg, Joan Wallace.

Front Row—Lucy Hooker, Mary Lou Sime, Joan Neilson, Shelagh Joy, Gail Florance.

TALENTED?

I cannot write a poem,
Or even rhyme a verse;
Shakespeare make me dizzy,
And Wordsworth even worse.

I've memorized from Shelley,
And scanned the whole of Keats;
I've tried to write a sonnet,
Until I'm just dead beat.

I've prayed for a visit from the Muse,
That so freely gave the key,
And delivered poetical eloquence
To everyone but me.

JOAN EVERETT,
(Grade X).

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MENDIPS

The luring call of the caves is born in some people just as the impelling message of the hills and more insistent call of the sea is born in others. While I was in England last summer, these cave enthusiasts told me to visit the limestone caves at Cheddar, in the Mendip hills, so I did. For the Mendips are not "as solid as the hills" but honeycombed with caverns which are the marvels of the underworld.

The caves were formed by long-lost subterranean streams countless ages ago, and now are festooned with glistening stalactites and stalagmites of fantastic coloring caused by the presence of various minerals in the rock. For example: reds indicate the presence manganese and iron; greens show the influence of copper, and the white formations are, of course, pure limestone. By means of these formations, which

gradually meet (geologists have estimated that it takes one thousand years for one inch of stalactitic growth to form), nature slowly refills her hollowed caverns.



Inside the caves, the striking effect of graceful draperies, slender columns and delicate formations of indescribable shapes is doubly intensified by crystal-clear pools in which the whole scene is reflected. But although it is essentially the same group, many new aspects are discovered in the water, such as a hidden depression in the roof of the cave, which might reveal untold beauties.

Naturally, some of the formations have been given imaginative names. The "Marble Curtain," as its name implies, hangs in graceful folds of translucent limestone blended with various pastels, like a priceless tapestry of glistening ice. It is indescribable; it is unique!

Suppose Niagara Falls suddenly froze and every drop of water hung suspended over the precipice; if you can imagine that, then you can see a "Niagara Falls" of limestone in these caves. This, too, was once the path of water, but now stands and will stand to commemorate our Canadian falls long after they are gone.

Delicately shell-like and beautifully symmetrical stand the "Organ Pipes," a group of marble columns; they reach to the roof of the cave as organ pipes reach to the dome of a cathedral. Strangely enough, the twenty-two "pipes" increase in height from outside to centre and decrease gradually until the other extrem-

ity is reached, thus procuring their fitting name.

Six musical stalactites cling together, making a picture as exquisite as the tones they send forth when gently tapped. For they hang in gentle folds, alternating shadows with shimmering light, each fold tapering to a decided point.

Another illustration of the age of the caves is given by the stalactite and stalagmite most nearly joined; they are separated by only a water drop, one quarter of an inch apart, which forms, hangs, and drops every half-hour. This formation, rightly named nature's chronometer, has been watched for ninety-seven years, and no perceptible change has been noted!

On one side of the cave are a number of tiny stalagmites, each one shining with a carefully-placed light, surrounded by a quiet pool. This greatly resembles a "Swiss village" during the evening, as the houses shine forth with a friendly glow and the nearby lake lies in still darkness reflecting these spots of light.

When, reluctantly, we leave fairyland and emerge into sunlight, another glory is waiting, for the entrances to the caves are in the precipitous cliffs rising on either side of the great chasm separating the Mendips, known as Cheddar gorge. Cleft by an ancient river, the road winds between stark grey rocks (sometimes four hundred feet in height) mottled with trees and shrubs of various hues, towering like a gigantic wall into the sky. Each twist and turn of the road reveals a new enthralling vista, while during the return journey each familiar crag seems entirely new.

"My God, who raised the Mendip range,
Out of the ocean bed,
And split and rent these hills that tower
So high above my head;
Who formed the Cheddar cliffs, and gave
Them beauties wondrous fair,
Whose power supports these pinnacles
That rise so high in air.

In seeming darkness thou hast worked
In caves unseen by man;
What wonders thou hast brought to light,
In wisdom laid the plan.

Is there a veritable network of caves running in Manitoba limestone? Possibly there is, right under our city. Perhaps we are living above these wonders, oblivious of their existence. But until we know, there are no caves to surpass the magnificence of Cheddar.

MARY LOU SIME,
(Grade X).

A HAND REACHES . . .

(Honorable Mention: Junior Poetry)

A hand reaches into
 The soft, silky silence.
 It is pushed, and reaches
 For one thought from out eternity.
 It grasps—but fails to catch,
 Until after long years
 It feel at last one pregnant thought!
 Caught within itself.
 It brings it out from the mist
 To the sun and the sky,
 To be perceived by
 Naked human eye.

GAIL FLORANCE,
 (Grade X).

ON SNEEZING

Have you ever thought of sneezing, aside from being a noisy and somewhat embarrassing minor explosion? Maybe you haven't, and after all, why should you have? Sneezes are common, ordinary, everyday occurrences in which everyone participates at one time or another. The "Oxford English Dictionary" say to sneeze is "to drive or emit air or breath suddenly through the nose and mouth by an involuntary and convulsive or spasmodic action, accompanied by a characteristic sound."

However, have you ever looked at sneezing in another light—the more humorous one? After all, when one really considers humorous happenings, there are not many any more comical than sneezing.

Why, take for instance the small, insignificant-looking, middle-aged man sitting in a far corner of an assembly hall filled with people listening to an interesting speaker giving a lecture on say—woodticks. The crucial moment arrives. All is hushed. The speaker is just about to disclose how to struggle with the leathery creatures and crush them (a feat not easily managed), when that small, insignificant-looking man makes himself the most prominent person in that hall by giving forth his most explosive, Kaaaaa CHOOO! Some listeners are amused and others annoyed; the speaker forgets where he was before what he thought to be the end of the world came; then gradually he regains his place and composure, but the atmosphere is lost.

Then there is the case of the high society lady attending a very highbrow tea. All of a sudden she has the most uncontrollable and annoying (since she only has her lace hanky with

her) desire to sneeze. She feels it approaching. Oh dear, how humiliating! The more so since Mrs. Crabtree is sitting across from her. Then it comes. She manages to conceal it fairly well, just issuing a tiny "ffuff," but O, she feels as if she has just about burst. All on account of pride.



But woman are not the only creatures who try to stop their sneezes. There is the case of voluminous man, sitting in his living-room, playing host to a few guests. He knows very well that he is going to sneeze, but the sneeze will just not come. His nose itches unbearably, it itches, and he risks his social standing by rubbing it. It is nearly there; his nose is twitching profusely and so are his ears. He screws up his face—and realizes he has no handkerchief. He hurriedly gropes through his pockets; none there; and so, with no "excuse me," he dashes from the room in terrible agony and secures his handkerchief. But no sneeze comes, and, strangely enough, the desire has left him. He chats with his friends for about half an hour, and then, you guessed it, the sneeze catches him unaware.

However, humans are not the only ones blessed, or otherwise, with the ability to sneeze. Why even the dumb animals can do it. Dogs, for example, go through numerous contortions before they sneeze. Just imagine what it would be like not to be able to rub one's nose and not to have a necessity like a handkerchief after one has sneezed. O well, this is just one of nature's inconveniences to dumb animals.

Next time you sneeze, just remember how

funny it is to other people and don't think of your wounded pride, for, remember, you are bound to catch them in the throes of sneezing at one time or another, if you have not already done so.

RUTH SWATLAND,
(Grade XI).

TO MY OLD CIGARETTE LIGHTER

I sat here behind these walls of barbed wire looking at you for a moment, then stuffed you into my innermost pocket. But then, while searching me, they found you and took you. I wonder where you are now and whose cigarettes you are lighting.

Oh, but you'd been a good friend to me. Ronsons, they say, never fail to light, and you certainly lived up to your good name. Only once I wished that Ronsons were not so trustworthy, because had you failed to light they might not have seen the light on our faces and I might not be here; when they saw our faces in the light of your flame they took us from our concealment in the abandoned farm house to a new abode surrounded by barbed wire fences and men marching with guns over their shoulders.

Along in the 'plane you rode with me tucked inside my hip pocket, and when that blast of fire came that set our engines afire and shattered our windshield, you floated down with me on my parachute and survived the bump at the bottom of our descent.

You were the only lighter among the five of us that survived who began our weary wanderings with fate about this strange country called France, and many cigarettes you set to burning, thus helping to relax the terrible tension. When we found our dwelling in the farm house you lived happily among us, lighting fires as well as cigarettes; and the many times when we were terrified into deeper hiding by heavy footsteps, guns barking at doors or playful bullets rocketing through odd panes of window-glass, I held you tightly in my hot palm for comfort. You must have nearly smothered!

Then Fate fooled the five of us and along with me you were cruelly and crudely shoved and stuffed into a big army truck and shipped to our present abode. And oh, with what rapture the "Jerry" captain gazed at his prize, my own lighter, when he extracted you from my pocket. Now alone, I felt forlorn and friendless without my best friend, you.

Maybe some day, if only in my dreams, we'll

meet again, the Allies will have won this foul war and emerged the victors, and all of us who remain alive after this torturous life in this place, will be free to walk and talk where and when we wish, again I'll have you to lift to my cigarette and the old phrase about you will once again be true: "Press, it's lit; release, it's out."

ALISON GOVAN,
(Grade XI).

"OURS"

(Honorable Mention: Senior Short Story)

Hans and I were both born in Belgium; I still live here. We were married a little over two years ago. Hans was a gardener by trade, and I, just an ordinary housewife who played the piano for pleasure.

All day long I worked hard making bread, doing household chores and, of course, looked after our little baby Maria, who was just learning to walk. Hans worked very hard, we were one of the happiest couples in Holland; neither of us thought our happiness could ever be marred.

We had many friends, but we were happy just to be together, just Hans and I; when Maria was in bed, Hans would relax on the sofa while I played the piano.

It was the summer of 1939 now and Maria was four years old. The daffodils and tulips were beautiful and plentiful this year; Hans had been working hard and had a little extra money saved.

Our wedding anniversary was a few weeks away and Hans didn't have to work in the afternoon, so Maria stayed with my Mamma, and Hans and I went to the shop. He took me to a second-hand store to show me a beautiful piano; when I had tried it I found it had a lovely tone. Hans told me he had been saving a little money for a long time and finally had enough to buy the piano.

"Oh Hans, my dear, we had better not, we should have the money for the future so that Maria can have a good education. It is beautiful, though."

"No Greita, I want you to have this as something to remember me by when I am gone."

"Hans, what do you means, when you are gone?"

"Well, there have been rumors of war and every eligible man must enlist to aid his country."

"Let's not think about it now, we must go home and see how Maria is, as this is the first time we have left her with Mamma."

We went home not saying a word to each other, and seeing Maria's happy, sparkling eyes made me forget any trouble or sadness.

We bought the piano and never left it alone; it was a beautiful thing which we treasured very much.

One day, while I was sitting at the piano, some notes came into my head which I jotted down; I found that I had composed a piece. I played it for Hans that evening and he was more than thrilled with it. He called it "Ours."

Time passed very quickly, the war had started. Hans came home one day and I knew what was to come.

"Greita, I have enlisted and I must leave in three days."

Those were the shortest three days of my life. I tried to explain to Maria where her Poppa was going and she seemed to understand. He left and was sent to the front.

Our country was safe for the time being and I did as much Red Cross work as I could. When I had a little spare time I taught Maria to play "Ours." She really played very well.

We had not heard from Hans very often as they were only allowed to write once in a while; but I think I read the letters we did get to Maria a hundred times.

I was home on Sunday afternoon, it was a beautiful day; Maria and I had been on a picnic; we were both very tired. The only way I knew of relaxing was to play the piano.

There was a knock at the door and Maria ran to answer it; she called me. The proprietor of the store was at the door.

"Mrs. Aglo, I have bad news for you. My son and your husband were killed today on the battlefield on the coast of France. They were killed instantly—no suffering—it was all over in a minute."

"Oh, Hans."

Maria closed the door and followed me into the living-room. I was not sure whether Maria would be brave or not. I remembered that a long time ago she said she would not be able to live without Momma and Poppa.

I found she was brave—she did not want to see me cry and if it had not been for her I would have gone to pieces. She was so young, yet so brave; I tried my best and managed somehow.

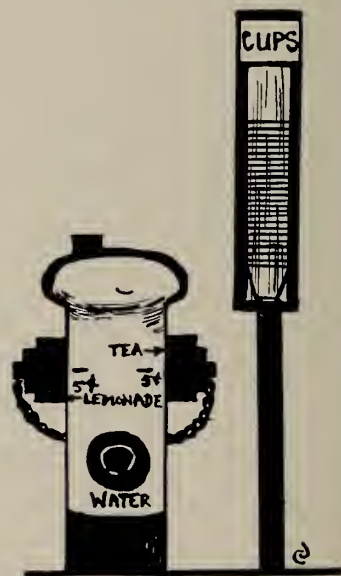
Maria sat down at the piano and began to play

"Ours." All my happy memories came back to me and I realized how lucky I was to be able to treasure these memories in my heart always. Hans had been right, for I did have the piano to remember him by.

SHELAGH McKNIGHT,
(Grade XI).

WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS

What this city needs is a new climate! In Winnipeg the mercury moves from thirty-eight degrees below zero to a hundred and one degrees above zero. Rainstorms, thunderstorms and blizzards are frequent; dust storms, floods and cyclones have occurred. About the only disagreeable meteorological conditions which have not frequently in Winnipeg are earthquakes and tornadoes, but I believe that Winnipeggers do not doubt their possibility. However, as climate is not listed on the world's trade list (and, even if it were, who would want to trade their climate for that of Winnipeg?) another solution must be found. Why could we not have a city defroster for the winter months, and a



city cooler for the summer months? I imagine the defroster as an extensive network of almost invisible wires stretched across the city from one end to the other. These wires would have to be radio-active, or atomic-active, or some-

thing-or-other active, which would enable them to dispel any snow storms by shooting the snow off into space by their dynamic force. These rays must also send out a heat radiation which would not permit the temperature to fall below forty degrees above zero. In the summer this system would be converted (by merely pressing the button in the control tower of the apparatus), to a cooling system which would not permit the temperature to rise above eighty-five degrees above zero, and which would permit rain to fall only at night. Could not scientists who discovered atomic energy and atomic radiation invent the simple little gadget of a defrosting and cooling system for Winnipeg?

What this city needs is fewer mosquitoes! All winter long Winnipeegers dream of the summer. Golf clubs, tennis racquets, baseballs, bowling balls and garden tools are wistfully regarded and dreamed of, but when the warm weather appears the mosquitoes appear, and the rest of the summer is spent by Winnipeegers in screened verandas, still looking at golf clubs, tennis racquets, baseballs, bowling balls, and garden tools. (However, this does mean less wear and tear on the implements.) Some people even think that the mosquitoes disguise themselves as fireflies and carry lanterns with them so that they can see better in the dark!

Improvements in the transportation system of this city are needed. The aisles of the street cars and buses are so narrow that very plump people are often compelled to walk sideways. The straps which are used in some street cars are so high that one must be about five foot six to reach them. Why could not straps, adjustable to any height, be used? Another improvement which is needed is a baggage car system for the city street cars and buses. Trains have baggage cars — why not buses? Skiers boarding the buses with six-foot skies and four-foot poles, try to manoeuvre them in a five and three-quarter feet bus. They invariably go to the back of the bus and on their promenade to that end of the bus the leader of the procession turns around to inform his friends to be careful with their skis, meanwhile, swinging his skis in a semi-circle. The passengers are compelled to duck their heads to avoid a smack on the head. A bus baggage car would certainly make travel by bus easier for the skier and safer for the passenger, and would also be appreciated by school students who board street cars and buses every morning with a pile of books, a rattling lunch box, a pair of skates, and who vainly try to deposit their tickets in the box and not on the floor and secure a transfer. One might even

store a bicycle in the baggage car so that the owner would not have to walk from the car stop!

The appearance of penny gum, candy, and peanut slots (which are unionized so that there are only "five salted peanuts"), is becoming more and more common. Why could not the fire hydrants be equipped with two taps—one with ice-cold drinking water, and the other with ice-cold lemonade in summer and hot tea in winter?

But what Winnipeg really needs, to put herself on the map, is a name. Oh, I don't mean to suggest that we *change* the name "Winnipeg," but every important city must have two names. Just as actors have stage names and authors have *nommes de plume*, so must every great city have two names: its own given name and an acquired name, familiar to everyone. Who does not know Boston as "Bean Town," Pittsburg as the "Smokey City," Portland as "The City of Roses," and Chicago as "The Windy City"? And what Scot does not think of Edinburgh as "Auld Reekie" and Glasgow as "The Granite City"? There have, I agree, been attempts to furnish Winnipeg with a similar title, but no one seems to have hit on the right one. "Gateway to the West," "Railway Centre of Canada," etc., have been tried but not well received, and so, at this rate, she is likely to go down in history as merely Winnipeg, capital of Manitoba.

It is probable that every Winnipeegers has a different view as to what this city needs, but it is also probable that most Winnipeegers would not object to a "new climate," fewer mosquitoes, adjustable straps and baggage cars as equipment for street cars, and a name indicative of Winnipeg's personality. Parliament should hear about "what this city needs"!

(GRADE XII).

A GLEAM OF LIGHT

Through pines
I saw the sun rise,
Mist vanish,
Valley shine with gold and green.
On distant hills
Feathery spruce
Were bathed in brilliant rays;
Far off, mauve rocks
Rose from the sea
Like shiny pebbles washed by receding tides.

Such a change—
A gleam of light,
And dark oppressive valleys
Gained light and hope and beauty.

JANET CAMERON,
(Grade XII).



Short Story and Poetry Competitions

These competitions were made really worth while by the quality and number of the entries in each class. Nine Junior poems and nine Senior poems were submitted; eight Junior stories and six Senior stories. We suggest that early next year, those who are interested in creative work in prose and poetry set themselves to master more completely the basic techniques, that they practise and experiment, and avoid the last-minute rush which is still somewhat in evidence.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Bayer, lecturer in English at the University of Manitoba, adjudicated the entries, and wrote for each a helpful and constructive criticism. Our grateful thanks, already expressed to Miss Bayer, are repeated here.

Congratulations to the winners who are listed below:

JUNIOR POEM

- 1—Susan Snell: "Longing."
Honorable mention: Shaen Patterson: "Looking in the Fire." Doris Keen, "The Seagull."

SENIOR POEM

- 1—Sheila Young: "Winnipeg."
Honorable mention: Gail Florance: "A Hand Reaches."

JUNIOR SHORT STORY

- 1—Jane Gladstone: "Listen!"
Honorable mention: Joan Nix: "Mahaita: At Home and Abroad."

SENIOR SHORT STORY

- 1—Barbara Cameron: "Black Magic."
2—Honorable mention: Shelagh McKnight, "Ours."

LONGING

(First Prize, Junior Poetry)

Come lovely May with blossoms
And boughs of tender green,
And lead me o'er the meadows
Where cowslips first were seen.

For now I long to welcome
The radiant flowers of spring,
And through the wild-wood wander,
And hear the sweet birds sing.

SUSAN SNELL,
(Grade VII).

(The judge suggested that the poem should be divided thus into two quatrains. She approved of the alliteration in the second last line.)

SENIOR POETRY

("On the whole, the quality of the poems submitted was excellent—there is the bold experiment, the necessary appreciation of beauty, eye for detail and description, sense of words and language, and realization of the need for meaning—all of which contributes to keen competition on the one hand, and great poetry on the other. I was particularly impressed by the sincere intensity of the poems.")

WINNIPEG

(First Prize, Senior Poetry)

Mart of the world's grain
 Where brokers buy and sell for nations—
 Pigs, cows, horses, file screaming to the slaughter-house.
 Burns', Swift's, Canada Packers' jostle one another
 For the choicest steer,
 To fill their orders for a starving Europe.
 They talk of your winter, when cold
 Burns the faces of your working women, joyful children and rugged men.
 They speak of your summer sun—
 Scorching boulevard and pavement,
 Sucking up the wet of your muddy rivers.
 And they scorn your flat, windswept prairie site, the monotony
 Of the hill-less horizon. And I agree.
 You are intemperate, but that is your excitement.
 Your people are of many tongues and varied habits,
 Inconsistent as the weather.

But where is a city so green in summer, yet
 so white in winter?

Where else does a city squint in fall sunlight
 Through rainbow-colored trees,
 At the wild geese squawking their greeting
 In rhythm with the beating of their wings?
 And you wave reply with high-flying flags
 From your big department stores.

You are as a maple tree—emblem of your country,

Tall, spreading, thick-trunked, wide-rooted,
 straining, growing,

Whose sap is thickening and will grow richer yet.

You have been tapped by the world

And you will be tapped again.

Grow your sugar-beets, maintain your stock-yards and grain elevators;

You are the hub of Canada's railways.

You have many buds now. They will blossom
 Into rich and plentiful leaves;

Your blood will be the blood of many nations.

SHEILA YOUNG,
 (Grade XI).

("This is a good poem. The influence of Sandburg is obvious, and you do well by your city. I like very much your "maple-tree" simile, and I like the tone of the whole poem—you create the atmosphere and hold it. There is an admirable

confidence and competence in your work. Keep at it!")

JUNIOR SHORT STORY

("There was obviously an enthusiastic response to this competition, and some of the stories had only the enthusiasm to recommend them. However, the matter of selecting any one story as infinitely superior to the others was made difficult by the variety of subjects and quality of those submitted.

"Certain things are necessary in a short story. Clarity and character are both essential. There should be originality and some sense of story. It should also be well-planned and well written.

"The breadth of subject in these stories is splendid; there is a good deal of imagination at work, but each one has some glaring artificiality. 'Listen!' is awarded a first because of the mood created, a good sense of atmosphere and of the dramatic. There is some style evident, though there are rough lines in the story.")

"LISTEN!"

(First Prize, Junior Short Story)

Judy crept quietly into the living-room of her home. Settling back in a comfortable chair, she picked up a comic book and began to read. Suddenly she heard a man's voice saying:

"The Count jumped off the train, and climbed into a black sedan that was waiting for him beside the tracks. There was only one other occupant in the car besides the driver, a wizened-up old fellow, a hunchback. The Count and the hunchback seemed to be very good friends. The driver told this story as they rode along:

"That castle you're going to stay at while you're here was supposed to belong originally to a princess who had beautiful lily-white hands. She had two suitors. One was very honest and the other, well, he was a bad sort. The princess decided to marry the honest one, and the other, very angry, killed her. It is said her hands still haunt her bedroom. There may be something in it," he added.

"Nonsense," scoffed the Count, "and to prove it, I'll sleep in that room myself."

By this time they had reached the castle. The driver let the other two out and then headed the car back to town.

Upon entering the castle, the pair almost immediately prepared for bed. They each took a

candle to guide them up the stairs and to undress by. At the head of the stairs they parted, and the Count went into the "haunted room" and climbed into bed, and just for a safety measure tucked a gun under his pillow. Later he woke up and saw a pair of white hands coming toward him. He rubbed his eyes, looked again and saw they were coming closer. He took out his gun and threatened to shoot, but the hands came closer and closer. Suddenly a shot rang out in the still night, followed by a loud scream.

The hunchback awoke, hastened to his comrade's room, opened the door, and Judy was suddenly brought back to real life again as she heard a cheery voice interrupting, "Listen in again next week!"

JANE GLADSTONE (Grade VII).

("While this is very bad radio, it makes a good short story. You have managed to keep the suspense very well, and the setting is credible. The story bears a similarity to many good stories in that it leaves the mystery unsolved. In a way, this is annoying trickery, but it is effective. Some of the sentences are awkward and could bear polishing.

"I cannot quite believe that Judy didn't know a radio voice when she heard one, but am willing to 'suspend my disbelief' and accept your story. It makes entertaining reading, though it does not last very long.")

Senior Short Story

("The short stories submitted for competition were of a very high standard, and it was extremely difficult to choose any particular one for first place. The four outstanding stories are "Black Magic," "Ours," "German Soldier" and "Which?" These stories show the results of considerable thought and originality, but their general fault is that they do not deal with things that are actually within the writer's experience. A second-hand account is only half convincing. It is very difficult for young writers to find things in their experience that are as exciting as things in their imagination, but they must try to recognize the false note in their own writing. One must be honest with oneself in the business of art. Now, all these stories have the virtue of sincerity; it is obvious that their authors have had a response to the inspiration. But that is not enough. There must be a certain

objectivity in the telling of the story; one should see it as from a distance as well as from the inside.

"Every writer must learn that his art is also a craft. It is not enough to think of a plot and tell what happened, one thing after another. It is not enough to think of a word, and put it down immediately. Words are the tools of the craftsman, and he must pick the right tool to do the exact thing he wants done.

"There are all the platitudes about practice which could be quoted, but we may take them for granted — any artist must practise, any real artist knows he must practise. Talent has been shown in these stories; only time can show whether or not that talent is being developed.")

BLACK MAGIC

(First Prize, Senior Short Story)

Now I'm not the type to get all worked up over high ideals and dramatic self-sacrifice for such ideals. I've always figured that anyone who donates his life to a "cause" is all out for self-glory and praise. But this guy Lincoln Jones has got me sort of confused; I can't help liking the boy and maybe he's really got something. Let me tell you about him and then you'll see what I mean.

It seems as though I've known Linc for many years, but actually it was only three months ago tonight that he burst into my office for the first time. His entrance was so startling that I thought at first it was a hold-up and was wishing I kept a gun in my top drawer like the Night Club managers in the movies do when I realized he was asking for a job, not my money.

"My name's Lincoln Jones, and I sing," he announced, and then in a burst of enthusiasm, "and I'll bet I sing better than the fellow you have as an entertainer now. Let me show you." And he was about to demonstrate his abilities when I got my first word in.

"I'm sorry, but . . ."

"You need a new act, don't you?" he interrupted. "This guy with you now is only billed until Friday."

"That's true, but . . ." This, I realized, was going to be embarrassing, "you see we don't allow Negroes in the 'Krystal Kastle'."

"You mean you're going to let the "Krystal Kastle" suffer just because I happen to have a dark colored skin? Listen, Mr. . . . uh . . ."

"Dugan." I supplied.

"Mr. Dugan — you don't realize what I've got to offer. I know what an audience likes and that's what I can give them. When I sing it isn't going to matter to people if my face is black." He sure had spunk alright and I couldn't help admiring his assurance, (he'd need plenty of that), but I was only the manager, so I said in my toughest way:

"I don't care *what* you've got to offer, you won't be singing here even if you are the genius you claim to be — which I doubt."

This brought a look of incredulity to his bright eyes, and motioning to the piano across the room he grinned and said, "Mind if I show you?"

"I'm busy," I said. I didn't want to hear him because there was something about him that made me realize that with a good voice, his personality was just what the "Kastle" needed, but even if he had the voice of Caruso, I couldn't hire him. Mr. Lewis owned the "Kastle" and by his orders no negro could set foot in the place. In fact he would have been furious if he could have seen the boy at my piano now.

Then he sang! His voice was like nothing I'd ever heard before. It was just an old sentimental ballad called "Sally," but the wistful sincerity he put into it almost had this hardened old character dewy-eyed over "That Old Girl of Mine." Now I know an entertainer when I hear one, and this boy was just that and more, but Mr. Lewis thinks in terms of white society and "nigger" trash, so I knew there was no use suggesting such an act to him.

"That's quite nice," I said, casually to the singer when he'd finished, but he wasn't fooled.

"You liked it, didn't you, Mr. Dugan? I could tell by your face," he beamed.

"Well, maybe I did," I admitted, "but, fella, you're a black boy and no matter if you *have* a dynamic voice and all the personality to put it over, your chances of a booking at the 'Krystal Kastle' were blacked out the day you were born. I'm sorry!" And I *was* sorry, even more than he knew. "The Kastle" was the most expensive place in town, but we were still losing money, and the kid, I knew, was just what we needed to bring the crowd.

He didn't speak for a moment, so I, thinking he might blame me personally for his failure, explained to him about Mr. Lewis and his prejudice, telling him, and truthfully so, that I'd do anything to help him, but that my hands were tied. However, Linc wasn't angry, rather, sensing my complete co-operation in spite of my

awkward position, was busy formulating a daring plan, one that could either fail ignominiously or succeed to the extent of introducing a new personality to the list of the famous.

"Mr. Dugan," he said slowly, carefully, "if you like my singing, wouldn't this Mr. Lewis like it, too?"

"Anyone would," I admitted.

"Well," he continued, picking up assurance and ideas as he went along, "next Saturday I'm going to sing here — no don't worry — nobody is going to know I'm a negro, not even our friend Mr. Lewis, and with luck, unless I'm mistaken, *he'll* be offering me a contract himself that night. That will be my cue to play hard to get and if we work it right, negro or not . . ."

"You'll be booked solidly at the 'Kastle' for weeks," I finished for him, caught for the moment in his enveloping wave of enthusiasm. But then reason returned to me and I dropped abruptly back to reality. "Linc, you can't do it," I said with dejection. "No make-up in the world could cover your skin and pass undetected with close inspection, and Lewis wouldn't let you get one line out. He's a shrewd man."

"That's going to be my job, Mr. Dugan, seeing that I pass for a white, and if I'm not worrying about it, why should you? All *you* have to do is get my music to the orchestra and see that Mr. Lewis is around to take in the show Saturday night, the rest will be up to me. Okay?"

"But how . . . ?" I gasped.

"Never mind," he cried glowing with excitement. "Is it a deal? Swell. I'll see you Saturday night at 10:30 and don't worry about a thing." He ratched out pausing only at the door to turn and flash me a big grin and a reassuring wink.

"Don't worry," he had said, but that's exactly what I did all the rest of the week. Worry! I worried in case Linc got cold feet and didn't show up at all on Saturday night. I worried in case Mr. Lewis might decide to go out of town for the week-end and not be at the "Kastle" Saturday. I worried about at least a dozen possibilities, but most of all I worried about Linc's make-up. I didn't even know how to get in touch with him to see what he was planning.

By Saturday night I was a nervous wreck. Linc had sent, by mail, his music with instructions as to key and tempo; Mr. Lewis was going to be on hand for the performance. The programs announced "A Big Surprise" for the main feature. (This I felt would cover all possibil-

ities, including a double lynching if we were caught.) By 10:00 o'clock, with only an hour to go, there was no sign of Linc. By 10:30 I was hanging out of the stage door to see if there was any sign of him when Mr. Lewis sent for me. Yes, that's where I was at 11:00 o'clock, seated at Mr. Lewis's table discussing with him the question of installing a new and better dance floor to draw bigger crowds on week nights. (As usual we had a capacity crowd Saturday night.) And I was expected to give an intelligent opinion knowing that at any moment a far greater attraction than the one we were just discussing would step out on the stage, but in what garb I still couldn't conceive.

Then, with a chord in "G," the orchestra leader hushed the crowd, and, as the dancing couples returned to their tables, introduced the evening's "Surprise." The spot light pointed its revealing finger for the first time at Lincoln Jones, negro in disguise. And what a disguise it was! There under the gruelling lime-light he stood, immaculately clad in a Tuxedo, with his face as black as his suit. Beside me Mr. Lewis stirred and nodding approvingly whispered:

"Fine idea, Dugan. We've never used the burnt cork routine before. Should be good for a change."

Then, and only then could I let the warm glow of anticipation cover me. Everything was going to be fine. The idea of using black to hide black was so elementary it must have taken sheer genius to think of it.

Then the orchestra broke into his introduction music, and "Ah Miss Yo' In De Mornin'" came the opening words, rich and full as Linc commenced, "Can't Yo' Hear Me Callin', Caroline?" his strident voice reaching out to everyone — laughing, sorrowing, cajoling, soothing, taking every listener through each emotion and singing with such intimacy to each one of his audience, while yet embracing the whole house in a mood of sheer happiness. He cavorted and gestured, throwing his very being into each word, each phrase, and with that one simple southern song wrung the hearts of his captivated audience. From his anguished plea, "Can't yo' hear mah soul a-prayin'?" he changed to end on a note of fierce gaiety, "Oh can't yo' hear me callin', Caroline?" amid a tumultuous ovation that fairly deafened me. For a second I'd forgotten Mr. Lewis who was standing beside me watching, open-mouthed, the crowd as they surged toward Linc, crying,

"Encore! ! Encore! ! !"

"Well, why doesn't he sing another?" cried Mr. Lewis quite overwhelmed by the reception. "He's terrific!"

But up on the stage Linc had other ideas.

"No," he cried to the crowd, "Sorry, No! — I can't sing anything more and I'll tell you why if you'll listen for a moment. You see," his big smile flashed and his bold brown eyes rolled mischievously, "I'm not really quite as black as I seem, but just the same, I'm not white under all this cork." A murmur hummed through the crowd as a few began to realize what he meant. "Yes, I'm a real negro," he went on, a note of seriousness in his soft but compelling voice, "and as you know, that means I shouldn't be in here. I don't really know any reason for it but that's the rule. Do you see, I *can't* sing for you again." The crowd rustled and buzzed and there were a few cries of:

"Sing, anyway."

Taking his opportunity Linc said casually, but with a sly grin:

"Well, maybe if you were *all* to ask Mr. Lewis over there, to change that rule . . ." He didn't need to finish. The crowd turned and spotted Mr. Lewis whose expression of simple astonishment changed to one of anxiety and then to agreeable resignation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, clearing his throat, "never before has a point been proved to me in such an unorthodox manner, but you are quite right. If Mr. . . . uh . . . If our "Big Surprise" will continue singing, the privileges of the 'Krystal Kastle' will be open to Negroes as well as whites from now on." The crowd cheered and as Linc, after a hurried consultation with the orchestra leader, was preparing to sing again, Mr. Lewis said with a smile to me, "You know, Dugan, I feel rather good tonight," and looking at him I could have sworn he looked ten years younger than he had a few hours earlier.

Well, that's the way it was. Linc sang till he was hoarse that night and they still wanted more. By special request he stayed at the "Kastel" for four weeks and would be there now, I guess, if it weren't for this crazy idea of his. It seems this wasn't the first time he had pulled a stunt like that and it wasn't going to be the last either. All across the country he was going, doing his bit in the struggle against racial prejudice. Not always to big places like the "Kastle" either. Like tonight, we're pulling a similar stunt in a small-town amateur show.

Like I said, I don't really go for this self-sacrifice type and "causes," but, well, I sort of

figured Linc could do with someone to help him put the cork behind his ears, and — anyway — I never was much of a manager.

BARBARA CAMERON (Grade XII).

("Black Magic" deals with a contemporary problem, showing certain reactions to the matter of racial prejudice. The treatment is sympathetic and unsentimental; the conclusion is as heart-warming as it is satisfying. The pace of the story is exceptionally good, and the language smooth and appropriate to the theme. Sometimes the conversation is slightly strained, but the descriptive passages are good. The story is plausible and manages to suggest a moral without shouting. Short stories which try to teach lessons are always dangerous — this one succeeds in being a good story first, and then offering a moral.")

FAREWELLS

At Christmas this year the girls and staff bade a reluctant farewell to Mrs. Purdie. For sixteen years the little ones of Rupert's Land had the benefit of Mrs. Purdie's teaching, and they all came to count on her help and consolation in their little troubles and to look for her words of praise, confidence, understanding and love. We want her to know that we think of her very often, we miss her presence in our large family very much, and we all have and will continue to have a special place in our hearts for her.

We have also lost Miss Hilda Smith, who left us in February for family reasons. After being matron for one year, Miss Smith took over the physical training in 1946. Her enthusiasm in games and her contribution to the good health of the girls will long be remembered. We were very sorry to see Miss Smith leave, and we wish her every happiness in the future.

It was with regret that the boarders said good-bye to Mrs. Jaminette. Those who were sick, both day-girls and boarders, will remember her kindness and care. We hope she will take with her many happy memories of Rupert's Land, and we wish her all possible happiness wherever she may be.

Miss Hines also left us after Christmas owing to ill-health. We are very glad to know that she is much better now, and we wish her every success in her new undertaking.

Miss Lola Marson, one of our old girls, has been in charge of the physical training since February, and we have all been very happy under her leadership. We are indeed sorry, for our own sakes, that she cannot continue this

work next year. However, for her we are most happy that the reason is that she is soon to be married, and we hope that she will indeed "live happy ever after."

Last October we said good-bye to Mrs. McLeod, our house manager and dietitian for the past two years or more. We wish her all happiness in the new home of her own for which she had been waiting so eagerly.

To Mrs. Alsop we say thank you very much for taking such good care of our little people in grades I and II since Christmas. We were very fortunate to find her free and able to come to us, and since she lives so near to us, we hope we shall often see her. We will say, then, to her, "Au Revoir," and hope she will visit us whenever she can.

* * *

We are very sorry to say good-bye to Rev. Terence Finlay, who is leaving Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, to go to Ottawa. For the past seven years the school has had very happy associations with Mr. Finlay; his visits to morning prayers, his inspiring sermons, his confirmation classes will long be remembered by many, and we shall always think of Mr. Finlay as a real friend. We hope that he will enjoy his new work, and with his family will be very happy in his new home.

MR. FINLAY.

* * *

Alumniar Successes

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

B. Sc. Honors—Ruth Lucas Thompson.
B.A. General—Joyce Aitken, Joan Arnold, Pat Chesshire, Judy Huntting, Susan MacQuarrie, Winona Ross, Joan Sherman.
B. Sc. Home Ec.—Joyce Lally.
Diploma in Education—Susan McQuarrie.
University Women's Club Graduate Scholarship—Ruth Lucas Thompson.
Graduate from Winnipeg General Hospital—Kathleen Glover.

Complimentary copies of "The Eagle" have been sent to the following colleges and schools:

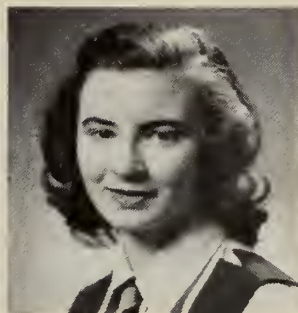
Brandon Collegiate, Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, Gordon Bell School, Havergal College, Toronto; Isaac Newton High School, Kelvin Technical High School, Norwood Collegiate, Normal School, Winnipeg; Ravenscourt School, Riverbend School for Girls, St. John's College, St. John's College School, St. John's Technical High School, St. Mary's Academy, United College, West Kildonan Collegiate, William Whyte School, Winkler School.

Autographs

Grade XI Graduates

JUDY ADAMSON

Judy is famous for a council meeting sentence which occurred every month or so: "Well, **these** are the minutes for the week before the week before last and these are the minutes . . ." In grade nine she came to "Rupe" and was in residence for some time, during which time the other members of the class knew little of her. This year Jude was elected a prefect in Matheson House, was on the second team, and has been a day girl. During the second term this year Jude became "Aunt Jude" with the arrival of a young nephew. Next year is a bit undecided for Judy; she has no definite plans but hopes to go into the field of medicine. University is coming up, and so "Rupe" says good-bye to Jude this year.



SHIRLEY ANDERSON

Shirl came to us in grade seven; she has always had a great liking for the school and was well rewarded when she was elected a prefect in Machray House this year. Shirl is always full of fun and always ready to offer a helping hand whenever it is needed. A great imagination causes her to turn out very original and descriptive literary work in school. Shirley has always expressed a great desire to travel, as her mother does, and has plans this summer to make some of these wishes come true. She is uncertain as to what she will do next year and thinks that possibly she will enter United College for grade twelve.



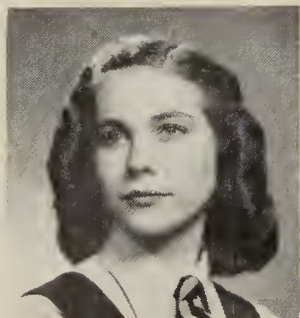
DONNA ARMSTRONG

Donna came to "Rupe" in grade seven and has taken an active part in school activities since that time. This year she was a prefect in Dalton House, on the second team, and was photography editor for this year book. Donna has an extreme interest in horses of all kinds especially in her American bred Jacqueline Joy. Her interest and pride are justified, Jacque is indeed a wonderful horse. Next year Donna hopes to enter business college; she feels she would enjoy this more than University, and her interest lies along that line. Although Donna leaves the school this year there is still one of the Armstrong clan left to follow in her footsteps!



JOYCE BENHAM

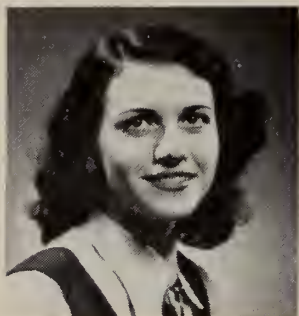
Joyce entered "Rupe" last year in grade ten, and has climbed the ladder to the top very quickly, having been, this year, on the second basketball team as a forward and a prefect in Dalton House. She is the kind of person who is always full of fun and ready to help everyone. This year, Joyce took an interest and did very well in her Home Economics. Next year, like Donna, Joyce hopes to enter Business College and make stenography her career before she gets married in the not too distant future—she hopes!



SUSAN CLIFFORD

Sue has been here since grade seven and topped her career this year by being elected captain of Matheson House. Sue, too, was a member of the first team but was moved this year, from a forward to a guard. In the difficult moments in class Sue could always be depended on for a little humor and where any serious thought is needed she can be depended upon for that too. Next year Sue looks forward to University of Manitoba and plans on taking a year of Arts, or two if she has to, before entering nursing at the General Hospital on which she has her heart set. Good luck, "Legs"—hope you make it!





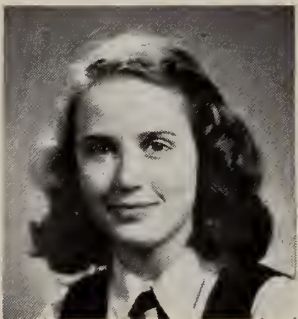
BETTY COOPER

It didn't take the grade ten class long to realize that with the addition of Betty, it had a very talented person in its midst. Betty is taking vocal and piano lessons in her extra time and excels in both. We had a wonderful example of her singing on the Entertainment Night when she soloed for Dalton House of which she was secretary this year. This year will, Betty thinks, be her last at "Rupe," because she plans on taking an Arts course at Manitoba University while carrying on her music, as she did this year, as an extra curricular activity.



ALISON GOVAN

Four years ago Al came to Rupe and now this year, her last here, she is House Captain of Jones. This year she is one of our representatives on the Eaton's Junior Council and besides this she is the treasurer of the Literary Society and an editor of this year book. Al delights in doing crazy things, and during the winter she was never seen in the school without her knitting—diamond socks, but she was never able to keep track of the wool. Al is going to take an Arts Course at the University of Manitoba next year.



SHANNON HALL

Grade nine saw the arrival of Shannon, a boarder from Melfort, Saskatchewan. This year Shan was a prefect on the Boarders' Council, and took an active part in Matheson House, being its secretary, and was a member of the Literary Society. Shannon has a very quick wit which she doesn't show quite often enough, and is always one to flash a cheery smile at you when you need it. Shannon has no definite plans for the immediate future, but hopes to be able to come back to Winnipeg from Melfort to take some work in Physiotherapy, a science in which she is very much interested.



DOREEN HARKNETT

Last year Doreen came to Rupe after having gone to Windsor School in Saint Vital. She has belonged to the Literary Society for the two years she has been in the school and took a part in the "Mock Trial" presented this year. She takes an extreme interest in aviation and wishes that she could take flying lessons. Next year Doreen says she may take grade twelve at United College, or may possibly go to business college. She feels that she is more interested in a career than a long time at University.

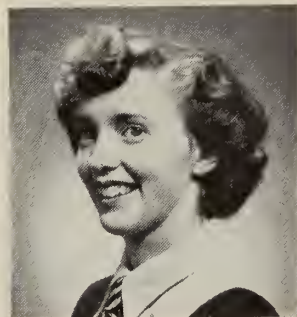


ROSALIND JOHNSON

Last year Ros came to Rupe and at once we knew we had a person with lots of fun in her as an addition to the class. She has a beautiful voice (remember "Summertime"?), is a good pianist and has a very actively working brain—that brain doesn't hurt her school work at all! Like about four other lucky girls in the class, Ros has her driver's licence, and her car "Bess" has served us all very faithfully! Ros takes a great interest in medicine and hopes to get into that field upon graduating; she also finds much pleasure in her interest in art. Whether she will enter Science at the University next year or not, Ros does not know for sure, but she will probably not be returning to Rupe.

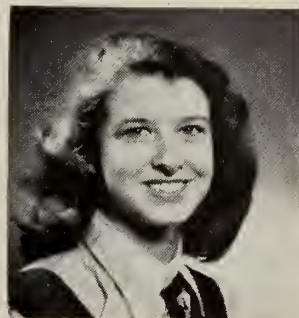
MARY LAWES

Mary was a new girl last year, too, and is a member of the boarding school. Her home is at Kylemore, Saskatchewan. One of Mary's most outstanding characteristics is her never failing smile. She is a member of the Literary Society and is very much interested in its work. Her fondness for home economics may account for her ability in sewing, embroidering, and knitting, the last of which is a favorite pastime. Although her plans for the future are not definite, Mary thinks she will be returning to Rupe.



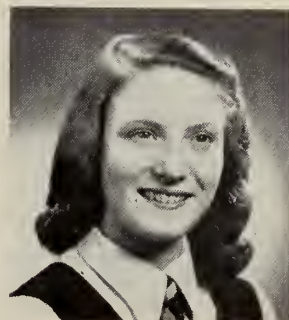
DOROTHY McCLAY

This is Dorothy's second year at Rupe and she is the capable president of grade eleven for the summer term. (She can't pronounce *consommé*.) Her main interest lies in painting and she hopes to develop her talent by becoming a commercial artist. Though fond of most sports (she made the second basketball team this year), Dorothy likes skiing best of all. Then, too, in her spare time she plays the piano. She is not sure of her plans for next year, but we wish her the best of luck in whatever she chooses to do.



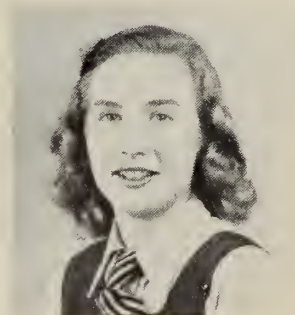
SHELAGH McKNIGHT

Shell is the veteran of the lot of us because she has been here since Kindergarten. Her lifelong ambition, because of her interest and ability in regard to sports, was realized this year when she was elected School Sports Captain. Upon the inauguration of "Interhighlights," Shelagh was chosen our representative on the staff and was persistently hounding us to "write!" Shell was a star member of the first team this year, having worked her way up from the junior. Possibly the school will have Shell for thirteen years, because she thinks she may be returning for grade twelve, although the future remains rather undecided. All the best of luck Shell!



SHIRLEY ANN PADDOCK

Shirley Ann came to us in October of this year. We do not know her quite as well as we would like to, but she is very friendly and always has a ready "cheer up, kid." We've never heard Shirley sing any solos, but she does a lot of singing in the church club she belongs to. She says that playing the guitar is her favorite pastime and that she also tries to play the piano and piano accordion. Although her plans for next year are not definite, she wants to become a stenographer.



DORIS PERRY

Doris hails from Bissett, Manitoba, and entered boarding last year. She is one of the quieter members of the class and we hear her outstandingly low voice all too little. Doris is thrilled and excited about the flying (an airplane that is) lessons she is going to take this summer at home. Doris says that if she likes flying enough she might make it her career. As well as being able to play the piano she is a creditable member of the Art class. Doris thinks she may be coming back to Rupe next year.





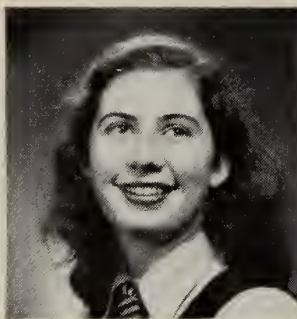
HELEN POWELL

Last year Helen came to Rupe and was made a member of Jones House. Helen always comes through with a smile for everyone, and her cheeriness and willingness to help in every way possible found their ways into all our hearts. Helen did a big job this year for Miss Speers by taking care of the records of the extra reading done by the girls. Next year she plans to take Arts at the University of Manitoba, but what the future holds for her is still a mystery.



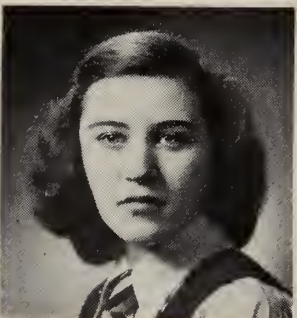
RUTH SWATLAND

This grade gained a wonderful addition when Ruth arrived at Rupe in grade ten. She does so many extra curricular activities that we wonder how in the world she keeps up her work as well as being very active in school affairs. This year Ruth was president for one term, secretary of Machray House, and a co-editor of this magazine and took piano lessons as well. In June she intends to write for an Isbister: all the luck in the world, Ruth! Ruth's future is rather undecided, although we note that she has a very special interest in science. She is not certain whether she will enter Science next year at Varsity or whether she will return here for grade twelve.



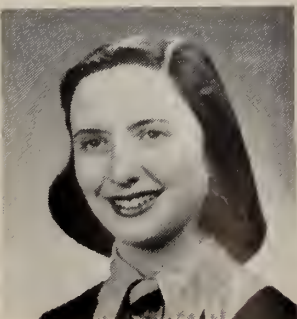
ELAINE TEMPEST

In grade ten the class welcomed the presence of a real Mathematician. Elaine is the kind of person who likes to work eight exercises every night **just for fun!** She takes a special interest in Maths and subjects that concern logic and experiment such as Physics and Chemistry. This year Elaine was a prefect in Jones House and a member of the Literary Society. After leaving grade eleven Elaine plans to leave Rupe, and next year she thinks she may enter Science at University of Manitoba; even if this plan fails she intends to make Maths and Science her career.



CAROLYN ANN WARNER

For two years now Carol has been one of the more lively girls in the class and talking just seems to come naturally to Carol. She always has answers in French period, but when Miss McLean shakes her head in despair, Carol never fails with her "Ah why, Miss McLean?" All fooling aside though, there is no one in the class who takes on odd jobs more willingly than Carol; all year she has kept track of who has what from our class library. Besides being an enthusiastic member of the Literary Society, Carol plays the piano and skates in the Winter Club. Good luck in University next year, Carol!



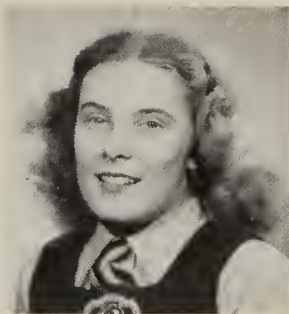
SHEILA YOUNG

Grade seven saw Sheila's entry into Rupe. Sheila has taken an active part in school activities this year: She was secretary of the Literary Society, on the first basket-ball team as a guard, and captain of Machray House. Shell was a member of Eaton's Junior Council VII this year, and, we hear, was up for election as Senior Councillor. Known throughout the school for her cheeriness and quick wit, Shell has also made a reputation for herself in writing, (—read the Literary Society minutes), and by having a good head on her shoulders in emergencies. It is possible that Sheila will be going to McGill University next year, but whether this plan works out or not, she wants to go to 'Varsity. Shell's future is rather undecided: she doesn't know whether her interest in art or literary work will carry her farthest, but if winning the Senior Poetry Competition means anything, it looks as though the literary interest may win!

Grade XII Graduates

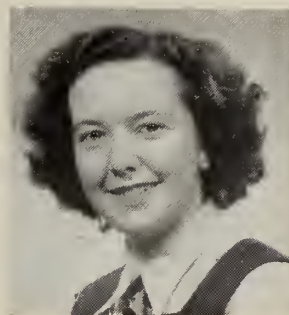
MADELEINE BLIGHT

Madeleine, head of the recently formed boarding school council, will never rest happily until her dreams of becoming a nurse are fulfilled. If a patient ear for little troubles is an asset for this profession (and we think it is), Madeleine will be wonderful. She is Grade XII's little consoler. Madeleine is active in the school as co-convenor of the advertising committee of the "Eagle" and is an enthusiastic singer, humming and warbling about the school for fun as well as in the Dalton House Mikado Chorus and school choir.



JOANNE BOOKER

Jo, our language student, is never at a loss for a comment. We can always count on her for the last word even if it is as perplexing as "seatafraymassis." Her infectious laughter has kept Grade XII in the best of spirits all year, and her "do or die" spirit inspired the whole second team of which she was very much a part. In spite of several servings of "Booker Burnt" cocoa, the Literary Society still claimed Jo as a staunch member, and Machray have found her more than helpful in sports as well as in prefecting the house.



ISABELLA BRIERCLIFFE

The tag of "Thorny" which Isabel acquired last year refers to her last name and not to her temperament as we all know. For sheer good nature and patience Thorny is a wonderful example. As term president of Grade XII she also proved to have organizing ability and practical ideas—a lucky combination. Without the existence of the French language, Isabel's life would probably be a lot smoother, therefore her plan for the future is a University course without Français.



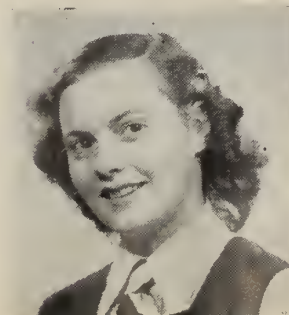
BARBARA CAMERON

Bugs has been this year's capable and very popular head girl. Her fascinating nick name was started several years ago by Janet Reid, one of our old girls, and now Bugs is simply Bugs and never Barbara. She is a co-editor of this year book. She is very interested in and excels in English, which will aid her in her ambition to be a journalist. There is a lot to say about Bugs and further information has been given about her near the beginning of the book.



JANET CAMERON

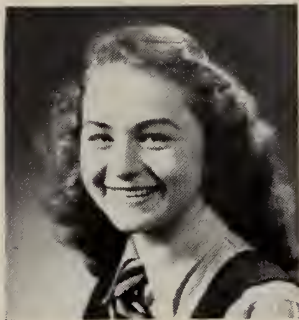
Janet is one of Rupe's busiest people. As well as being a prefect of Matheson House she was the social convenor of the Literary Society and member of the Art Club (her artistic ability is illustrated in this magazine). Janet was also co-producer of the successful Matheson House play "Yes Means No," and an enthusiastic participant in both the Matheson singing chorus and the school choir. Janet's plans for the future include, possibly, a course in Medicine at University, and then a career of nursing.





JEANNE GORRELL

Jeanne arrived from Glenella this September to take her place among the Grade XII boarders, and it was not long before the whole Grade XII class realized that without her steady calmness they would be lost—hence she became one of our presidents and with her mind for figures (mathematical) and organizing ability she was most capable. The incessant French babbling of her roommate and the comments of her fellow XII-ers on her numerous hair styles may disturb Jeanne, but she remains unruffled through it all. Next year will see Jeanne taking a business course, she thinks.



PATRICIA JOY

Although Pat arrived this year from Swan River trying to look like a new girl, most of us were not fooled. Her Dalton house tie was of the old type, reminding us that for the last five years Pat has been rushing in and out of Rupert's Land taking grades eight, ten and now twelve here. Pat was the second of our successful class presidents. As the social light of Grade XII she did some modeling for the Hudson's Bay Co. this winter and she also had the honour of being asked to run for Veteran's Village Community Club Queen. With her bubbling personality (an asset to any party) we are sure Pat will be a success at anything she tries.



PAULA MUNRO

Paula plans to follow her four years at Rupert's Land with a course at Angus Business College. This year she has been active in the school by being a strong guard on the second team and a faithful member of the Literary Society as well as spending a great deal of time business managing this magazine very capably. Paula views the immediate future with no other desire than to learn to drive the family car, permission for which may follow the publication of this paragraph.



PEGGY MUSGROVE

Peg, one of our quieter prefects, belongs to Jones House. She is a member of the Literary Society and one of the hard working business managers of the "Eagle." Next year Peggy plans to go to University to take Home Ec. for a year, and from there she hopes to go into training in the General Hospital. Our thanks are also due to Peg for her faithful time keeping at the basket-ball games, and we know her short career as a criminal in the Literary Society Mock Trial will be remembered for some time.



BETH SOUTHAM

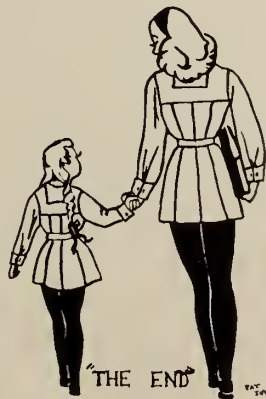
Arriving from Newdale this year, Beth soon made a place for herself at Rupe for, as the lovable comic strip Humphry, she won the coveted award of "King of the Comics" in the initiation. With her ear for music Beth is an enthusiastic piano player, loves to harmonize in singing and likes nothing better than to swing out in a good old-fashioned square dance. Beth was a member of the second team this year. Next, with her own school education complete, she plans to take up the courageous task of teaching, preferably, says this brave girl, Grades VII or VIII.

MARY TUCKER

Mary, though a comparative new-comer to Rupe, (she arrived from Kelvin last year), has fitted into school life so easily that she is now House Captain of Dalton, Vice Sports Captain of the school and Captain of the first basketball team. Such accomplishments are easily explained by Mary's friendly nature and a sincerely anxious desire never to hurt anyone's feelings. Mary's foremost interest is in athletics, especially basketball, skating and tennis. Next year when Mary has left Rupe for a business course, the whole school will miss her efficiency and personality.



The Magazine Executive take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped to make this volume 16 of "The Eagle" a success, and especially The Wallingford Press, Brigden's Ltd., and The Winnipeg Tribune.



Please . . .

PATRONIZE
"THE EAGLE"
ADVERTISERS

. . . their co-operation
made this
publication
possible

Established 1910

Phone 93 248

*Watch Repairing As It Should
Be Done*

BEN MOSS
DIAMOND
IMPORTERS

422 MAIN ST.

WINNIPEG

**SNELL'S
DRUG STORE**

Dispensing Chemists

PHONE 401 155

Cor. Queenston and Academy Road
WINNIPEG

BLUE RIBBON



*“The Quality
Coffee”*

ROASTED IN WINNIPEG AND DELIVERED
DAILY TO YOUR GROCER TO
ENSURE FRESHNESS



With the Compliments of . . .

JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS
ESTABLISHED 1857

STOCKS—BONDS—GRAIN



367 Main Street

Phone 93 131

WINNIPEG

Compliments of

**TOOLEY
GRAIN CO.
LIMITED**

•

**310 GRAIN EXCHANGE BLDG.
WINNIPEG**

COMPLIMENTS OF

DOMINION BRIQUETTES & CHEMICALS LTD.

MANUFACTURERS OF

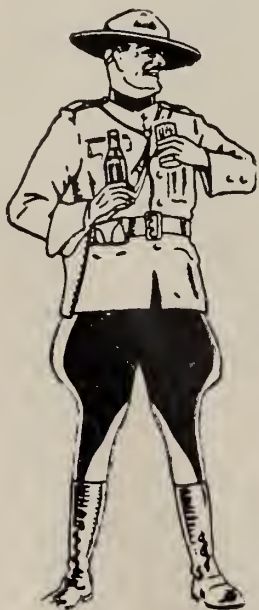
HEAT GLOW, CARBONIZED BRIQUETTES

HEAD OFFICE

- - -

296 GARRY STREET

THE



ARISTOCRAT OF BEVERAGES

Serve

DREWRY'S DRY

GINGER ALE

"A compliment to your guests"

Hallet and Carey

LIMITED

•

Powell Transports

•

Fort William Elevator

COMPANY, LIMITED

•

Edible Oil's Limited

THE CRITICAL YEARS . . 5 to 15

In the early years of life defective vision can be easily detected and may be permanently overcome. Have your child's eyes examined now by an Eye Physician. If glasses be advised, complete your assurance of safety by having them accurately made and carefully fitted here, where you see displayed the Guild Emblem.

RAMSAY - MATTHEWS LTD.

(Guild) Prescription Opticians

PHONE 93 523

MEDICAL ARTS BUILDING
WINNIPEG



The CHOCOLATE SHOP

•

"Good Food, Well Served"

Say it
with *Flowers*
from
The Orchid



Flowers Telegraphed Everywhere

VICTOR SCOTT

311 DONALD ST.

PHONE 93 404-5-6

Compliments of . . .

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. LTD.
383 PORTAGE AVE.

Compliments of . . .

Crescent Creamery Co. Ltd.

Dealers in High-Class Dairy Products
For Over 40 Years

MILK - CREAM - BUTTER - ICE CREAM

TELEPHONE 37 101

DEPENDABLE

*Drug
Service*

•

William A. McKnight

DRUGGIST

THREE STORES:

101 Sherbrooke St.	Phone 30 151
871 Westminster Ave.	" 35 311
388 Academy Rd.	" 402 700

Next time try

FIVE ROSES FLOUR



*Canada's
best liked
all-purpose flour*

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING
CO. LIMITED

R. B. Ormiston Ltd.

Florist

PHONE 42 386

96 OSBORNE STREET

CLAYDON COMPANY LIMITED

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

WINNIPEG

PORT ARTHUR

-

-

-

-

FORT WILLIAM

Compliments
of

**SWIFTS
& CO.**

WINNIPEG

Compliments of

**TURNER
ELECTRIC**

604 Beresford Avenue

Compliments . . .

A. M. PATTON ADVERTISING AGENCY

BROWN'S DRUG STORE

W. G. EVANS, Chemist



OSBORNE AT WARDLAW

PHONE 46 451

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

RELIANCE GRAIN COMPANY LTD.

CONNIE'S SHOP

featuring

CATALINA SWIM SUITS

HOSIERY : : LINGERIE
SPORTWEAR

PHONE 36 830

703 WESTMINSTER AVE.

Compliments of
Brathwaites Ltd.

PORTAGE AT VAUGHAN

PHONE 94 294

Record Headquarters

*Latest Victor, Bluebird and
Columbia Records*

Ray Hamerton Ltd.

347 DONALD STREET
(Next to the "Cave")



For Delivery, Telephone

87 647

City Dairy
LIMITED

"Everything In Music"

as well as

A Complete Home Appliance
Department

You will find your friends at
McLean's Record Department

**J. J. H. McLEAN
& CO. LTD.**

PORTAGE AT HARGRAVE PHONE 94 231

Compliments
of

A Friend

Office Phone 96 245 Res. Phone 31 870

Dr. Harvey B. Gorrell
DENTIST

530 SOMERSET BLOCK WINNIPEG

Compliments of . . .

BROOKING'S DRUG STORE

M. J. BROWN



116 OSBORNE ST. PHONE 46 110

Established 1902

Compliments of

N. R. Moyer

"The Druggist"

at BROADWAY and DONALD

Tel. 98 822

Established here in 1921



*Serving a generation of R. L. S.
Girls*

Compliments of

THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK SERVICE



493 PORTAGE AVENUE

PHONE 36 485

HARPER METHOD



Shampoo and Scalp
Treatment

Finger Wave

Marcelling

Manicuring and Facials



706 BOYD BUILDING



Questions and Answers Regarding Winnipeg's First Hydro- Electric Power Plant

Question 1: Where was the first hydro-electric power plant in Manitoba?

Answer: At Pinawa on the Winnipeg River in Manitoba, about 70 miles by road from Winnipeg. It commenced operation in 1906.

Question 2: Is it still running?

Answer: The Pinawa power plant is still going strong and supplying Greater Winnipeg with electric light and power.

Question 3: Who owns this hydro-electric power plant?

Answer: The Pinawa plant is one of three hydro-electric power plants owned and operated by Winnipeg Electric Company, the others being at Great Falls and Seven Sisters.

Question 4: Does the electricity it makes cost the people of Greater Winnipeg as much,

or more or less than electricity supplied by any other power plant in Greater Winnipeg?

Answer: The price is just the same as any other electric company or system charges, although Winnipeg Electric Company pays a higher rate of taxation than other utilities providing electricity in Manitoba.

WINNIPEG ELECTRIC COMPANY

WINDATT

COAL CO. LTD.

COAL
COKE and
WOOD

Phone 97 404

506 PARIS BLDG.

City Fuel License No. 2

Neilson's



THE QUALITY CHOCOLATE

GOODWILL

Here at the Bay, we consider the GOODWILL of our customers our most valued possession . . . priceless beyond compare.

We have been in business a long, long time and have learned from experience that fair dealing and courteous service pay rich dividends in GOODWILL.

We aim to keep your valued GOODWILL and confidence by rigid adherence to our guiding principle . . .

BAY CUSTOMERS MUST BE SATISFIED - ALWAYS

Every purchase must measure up to your expectations of reliable quality, accepted fashion and fair price . . . or your money will be cheerfully refunded without fuss or bother. Could anything be fairer?

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27 MAY 1870.